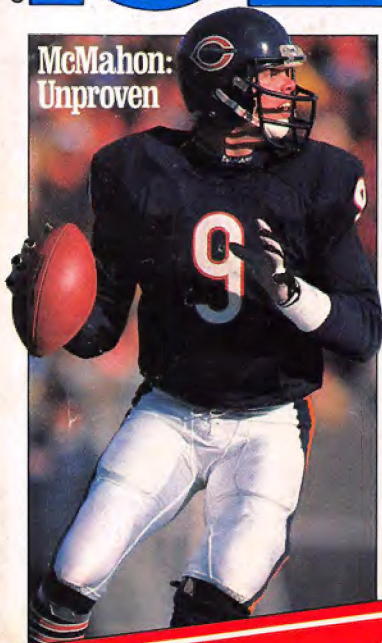
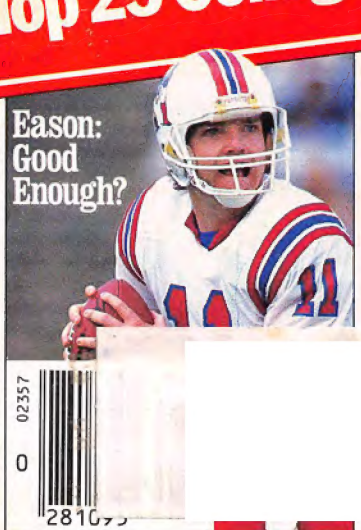
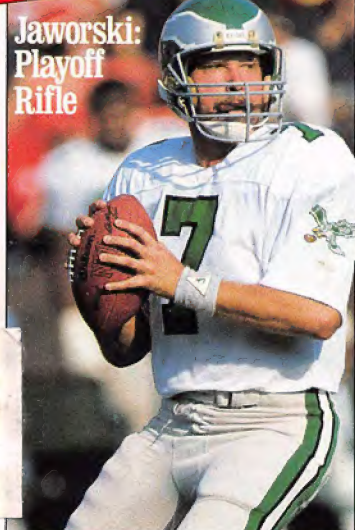
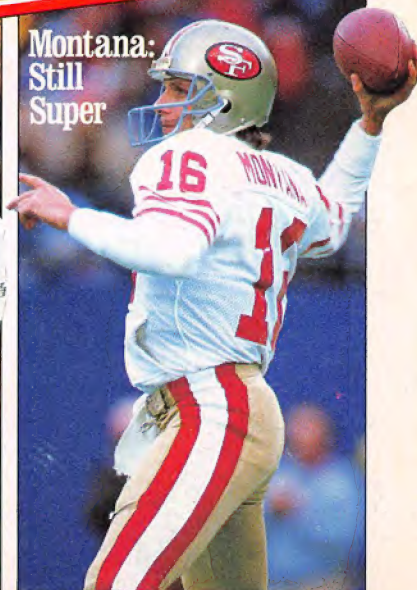


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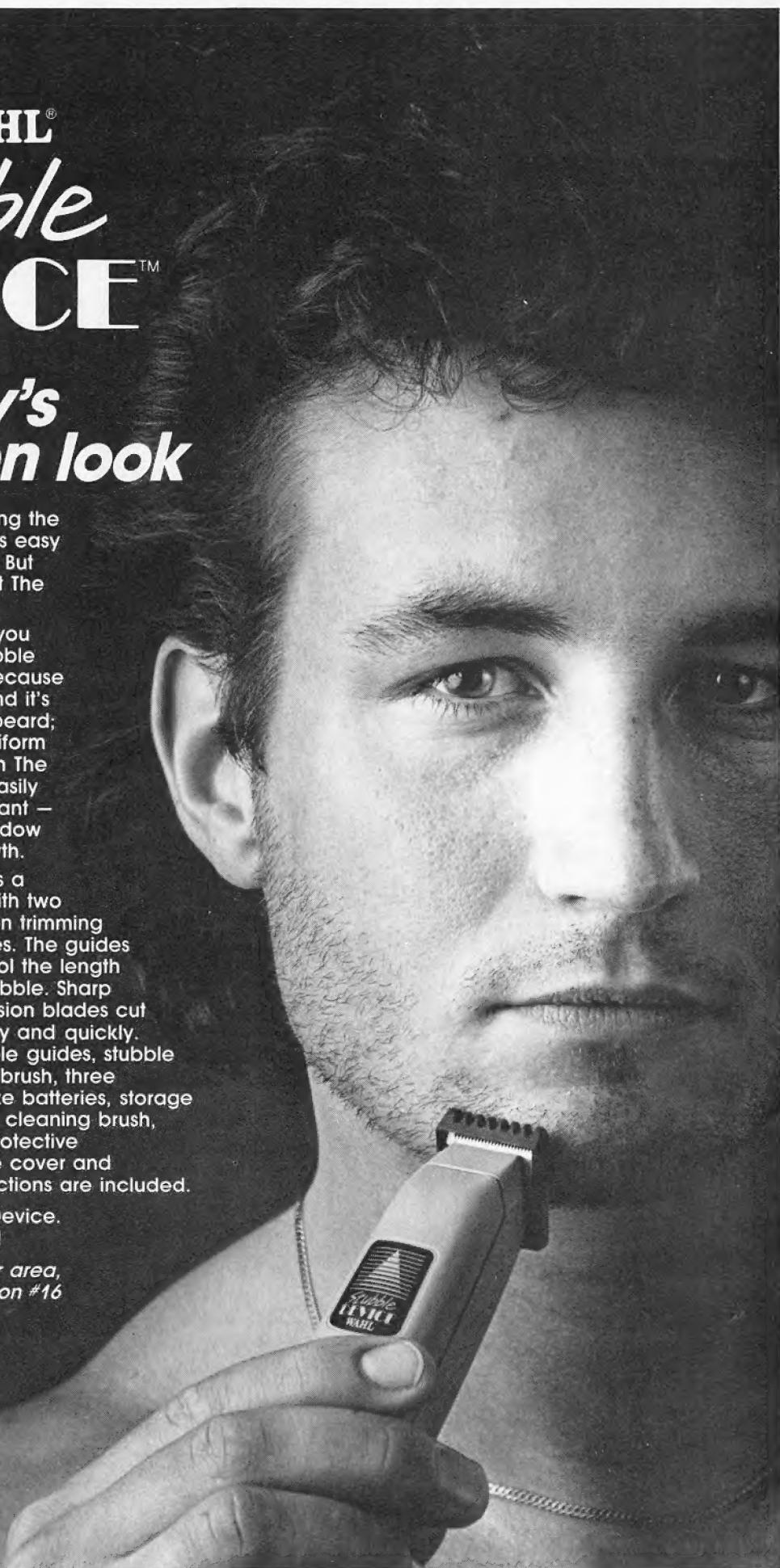


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EDITOR'S NOTE

FOOTBALL'S RIGHT AROUND THE corner. And it won't be long before the gridiron excitement takes center stage in the world of sports.

We at INSIDE SPORTS are looking forward to another action-packed season, so we've assembled another Football Ratings & Inside Stuff special section for your enjoyment. We had fun and a few arguments putting it together, and we hope you'll have as much fun reading every word.

In last year's section we rated just about everything associated with the NFL, with the exception of the Gatorade guys. This year (No, we're not featuring the water boys) we resumed where we left off and have come up with even more interesting ratings and "stuff." For instance, which are the 10 best and 10 worst NFL teams since the merger? You can find out inside. Who will be the teams on the rise—and on the slide—this year? You'll find some surprises. And, NBC-TV sportscaster Bob Costas talks about some of the most overrated coaching moves in football.

On the humorous side, this section reveals a hilarious look at Dan Marino's extraordinary contract with the Miami Dolphins. You'll be amazed at what some of his incentive clauses are. So will he. Humor is also a part of the item on tailgating parties and the contributions of the USFL to American history.

On the college level, you'll find out which were the real top teams in the country last year. Was Oklahoma No. 1? We don't think so. The Sooners had a tremendous year, but our computer ranks them below another team. We also rate the best coaches, and college fight songs.

We are now hard at work on next month's NFL and College Preview Issue. We'll examine every NFL team in depth, and tell you which are the contenders and which are pretenders. And, once again, we will call in the expert services of Ara Parseghian to predict the top 20 college teams. Ara's picks have been extraordinarily accurate in past years.

Last year Ara was all set to make Oklahoma his preseason No. 1, but at the last moment he reconsidered and picked Auburn. Ara thought Oklahoma's early season (which

included an away game with highly ranked SMU) would be too difficult for such a young team.

Unfortunately for Ara, after our magazine



The Sooners should have held up one more finger.

had gone to press the Oklahoma-SMU game was pushed back to the first week of December. By the time the two teams actually played the Sooners were a mature and confident squad and the Mustangs were a disappointment. Oklahoma then went on to beat Penn State in the Orange Bowl and win the national championship.

Who will be this year's national champion? Can Oklahoma become the first team since Alabama to win back-to-back national titles? We can't tell you until next month, but Oklahoma coach Barry Switzer thinks the Sooners have a legitimate chance of winning the title again. "We have the ability to contend for another national championship," he says. "The nucleus of our 1985 squad returns. I feel, however, a major weakness is our schedule. We must play UCLA and Miami in the first three weeks, and both teams will be rated as high as we are. Our ability to contend for a national title again will largely depend on those early games."

See you next month.

Michael K. Herbert

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HIGHER EDUCATION

The Heisman Can Be Won in the Offices of Sports Information Directors

ALTHOUGH THE COLLEGE FOOTBALL season won't kick off for weeks, the battle for the Heisman Trophy is in full swing. When the winner thanks his coaches and teammates, he ought to add one more vital contributor to his list: his school's sports information director. As Miami quarterback Vinny Testaverde, Michigan State running back Lorenzo White, and Oklahoma linebacker Brian Bosworth ready their muscles, Karl Schmitt, Nick Vista, and Mike Treps are busy behind the scenes. There's more to winning the Heisman than simply being the best college player in the nation this fall.

Extraneous factor No. 1 is a high preseason profile. With rare exception, the Heisman is a multiyear award. The above triumvirate has, in Michigan State's Vista's words, "built equity." That's allowed their respective SIDs to gear up their promotion machines.

For Miami's Schmitt, a relative newcomer, that meant serving as a volunteer public relations man during the NCAA's Final Four hoop festival to "enhance" his media contacts. While in Dallas he polled Heisman voters to discover what they do, and do not, want in a campaign. Facts are welcome. Excessive hype is not.

Clemson's efforts for William Perry in 1984, including a poster of the Incredible Bulk with a refrigerator, were too much, thinks Oklahoma's Treps. "They pushed and pushed and pushed. I think it backfired." A school's zeal to promote can become comical. Notre Dame strategists altered the pronunciation of Joe Theismann's name from Thēez-man to rhyme with Heisman. It didn't work. "You can't do it with mirrors," says Vista.

Getting facts to pollsters in the proper manner is the SID's job. Noting that previous Miami candidates Jim Kelly and Bernie Kosar suffered weak support in the Southwest and Far West, Schmitt



As a QB, Miami's Testaverde has the necessary qualification.

increased his media mailing lists in those regions. "The problem is they have 1,500 voters," he notes, "and it's a secretive list."

Television exposure is a must, as is getting beyond game telecasts. Oklahoma, as a member of the Big 8 package, has weekly highlights transmitted via satellite to any station wishing to receive the feed. You'd better believe Bosworth will be prominently featured.

But what of the athlete who isn't naturally colorful. White, who is shy, has received coaching from campus radio station personality Earl Robinson to help upgrade his projection during interviews. The nation's leading rusher in 1985 has been dispatched to Phoenix to give a speech to aid the Fiesta Bowl's anti-drug campaign, and he's been made more accessible to the media via occasional teleconference calls in which any reporter can join a de facto phone news conference simply by calling.

All the top candidates are displayed on the covers of their school's schedule, media guide, and ticket mailers, plus anywhere else they might get exposure. Only one man per team should be promoted, says Treps. In 1971 Oklahoma's Greg Pruitt and Jack Mildren "siphoned votes from each other, which helped Johnny Rodgers win," he warns. "You've got to be sure the guy on whom you're spending all that money is worth it."

Tradition helps. Schmitt's Testaverde is doubly blessed in being a QB (no lineman or defender has won since Harry Truman left the White House) and as the successor to Kelly and Kosar. If you're Notre Dame's SID, you simply pose your chap in front of a Rockne statue or the Golden Dome.

The key is to walk that fine line between promotion and overkill. And, oh yes, if you happen to have the best player in the country, that helps, too.

DIRTY SECRETS

The Ready-For-Prime-Slime Players

BASEBALL CAN BE MORE SECRETIVE THAN THE CIA. Coaches flash mysterious signs to batters and runners. Catchers waggle fingers at pitchers. Spies in the bleachers train high-powered binoculars on dugouts. Pitchers coyly load up spitters.

But perhaps baseball's dirtiest secret takes place during summers near Willingboro, N.J., not far from Philadelphia.

The secret produces what has been called a gorgeous goo that takes the sheen off new baseballs in major league ballparks across this country and Canada.

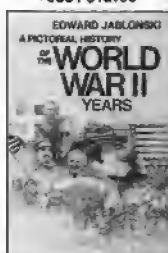
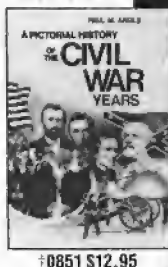
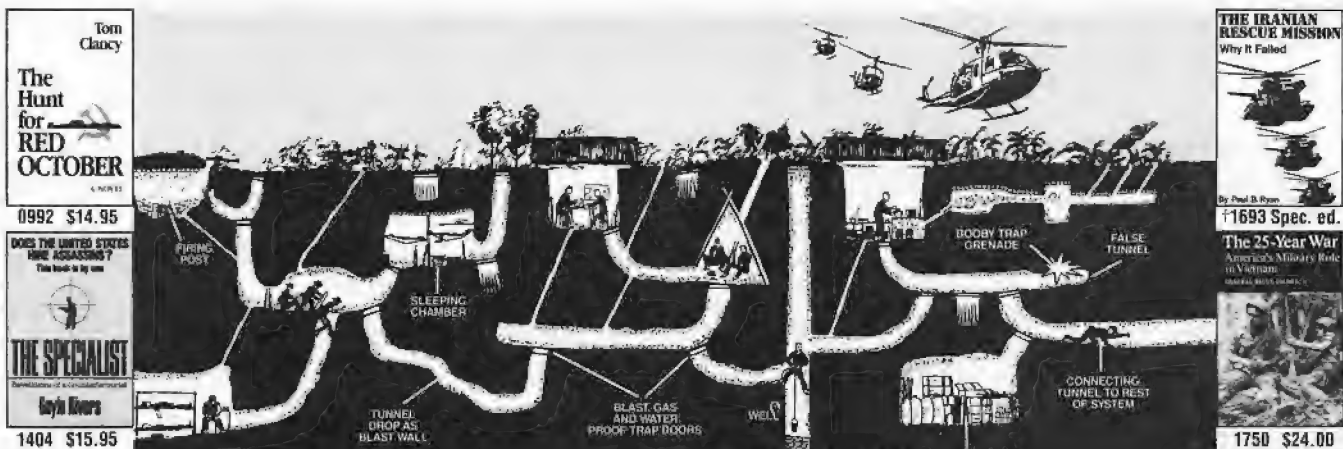
The secret begins like this. Before the first freeze of fall, a fiberglass powerboat steals out to a secluded spot on a tributary of

the Delaware River and waits for low tide. Since the Delaware empties into the Atlantic Ocean, the river and its feeder streams are affected by the tides.

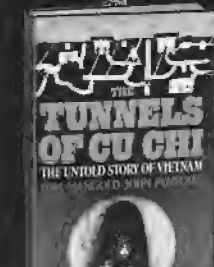
When the tide goes out, the motorboat is beached, its bottom resting on a mucky bed of silt. The gang aboard looks around nervously for suspicious eyes. Spotting none, the three young adults in the boat leap into the inky black stuff, sometimes sinking as deep as their waists. Then an older man aboard hands them shovels.

The young crew shovels the gooey stuff into pails, which are hauled aboard and dumped into plastic garbage cans.

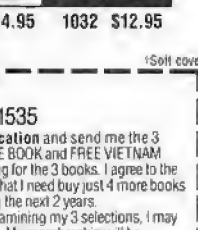
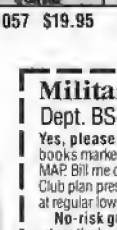
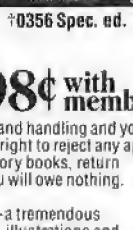
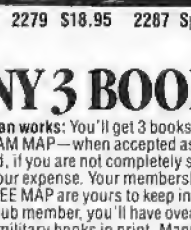
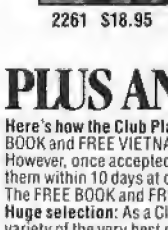
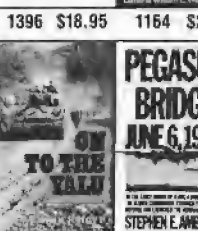
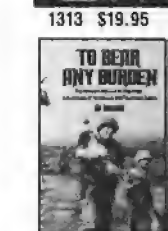
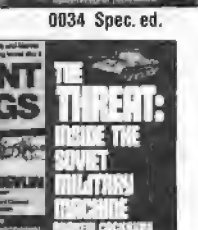
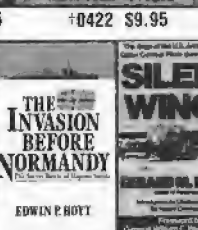
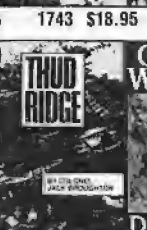
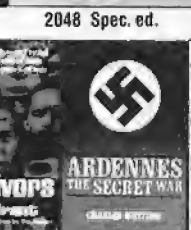
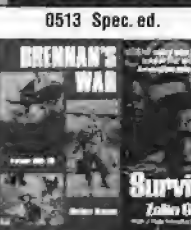
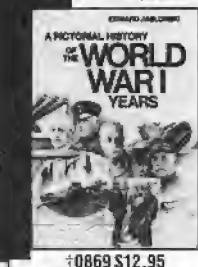
The mud harvest is supervised by 65-year-old Burns Bintliff, a



Mines. Snakes. Poison gas. Follow U.S. "rats" through the 200-mile maze of VC tunnels near Saigon. And meet the VC who lived in these "black holes."



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71-M047



'Our mud is better than tobacco juice,' says Bintliff.

retired carpenter employed many years by the New Jersey Turnpike Authority. Bintliff, two of his sons, and a daughter put in five hours of dirty work, taking in 400 to 500 pounds of the gritty stuff. Then they wait for the high tide to return, freeing the loaded powerboat.

This strange scene takes place within 15 miles of Willingboro, but no one—with the exception of the Bintliffs—knows exactly where.

It's one of baseball's best-kept secrets.

About the same time, at Chicago's Wrigley Field, Bruce Froemming a veteran National League umpire, dips his fingers into a coffee can of . . . yes, New Jersey mud. He and his colleagues rub the black goo on the shiny covers of 60 baseballs for that day's game. "It's great stuff," Froemming says. "Does the job real well."

The rubdown is a daily ritual for home games at all 26 major league ballparks and many in the minor leagues.

They're using what is known as "Lena Blackburne's Baseball Rubbing Mud." Not a very jazzy name, but a one-of-a-kind product that has a corner on the market. The mud takes its name from former Chicago White Sox manager Russell Aubrey (Lena) Blackburne, a light-hitting, slick-fielding ballplayer in his time. Lena started his dirty business at his boyhood home in Willingboro; now, some years after his death, it's headed by Bintliff.

The rubbing mud makes it easier for the pitcher to grip the ball. Without the New Jersey goop, the shiny white leather would be too slick for sure control.

Back in the old days, before Lena's "magic mud," umpires handled the rubdown with a squirt of tobacco juice or a fistful of dirt.

But that's much too crude for today's sophisticated game.

For the last 45 years the American League has given the starting nod to Lena Blackburne's mysterious mud. It's been a mainstay of the National League for 30 years, too. A coffee can of mud sells for \$20 and lasts a year.

"Our rubbing mud is better than tobacco juice and infinitely superior to ordinary mud," insists Bintliff, who delights in furthering the mystique of his product. "Mud from the Delaware River area contains an ultrafine abrasive that strips off the factory gloss, but doesn't damage the cover or discolor it or clot in the stitched seams."

Umpires say Bintliff's "black gold" resembles thick pea soup or chocolate mousse—and feels as smooth as cold cream.

Does Bintliff add a secret ingredient to make it so smooth and non-staining? Naturally he won't come clean. Revealing such a secret, he explains, would be a dirty shame.

SEMIRETIREMENT

Life [and Money] Begin at 50 in the PGA

BEFORE 1986, IT HAD BEEN 16 YEARS SINCE GOLFER Dale Douglass entered the winner's circle. As a member of the PGA tour since 1963, Douglass' past performances were consistent but not flashy.

But everything changed for Douglass on March 5 of this year. A somber occasion for some, Douglass turned 50 years old that day and celebrated his birthday by joining the Senior PGA tour. One week later he finished second in a playoff to Charles Owens at the Senior Roundup in Sun City West, Ariz., to grab an \$18,000 paycheck, the most money he had won in a year since 1979. The following week he earned \$40,500 for a victory at the Vintage Invitational in Indian Wells, Calif., and then concluded his three-week stretch with a win and \$37,000 at the Johnny Mathis Seniors Classic at Los Angeles.

In three weeks Douglass earned \$96,000, more than he ever earned in a single year on the regular tour, and more than he earned in the last 10 years combined. His 10-round total (Senior Tour events usually consist of three rounds) was 44 under par, and he was either the leader or co-leader the last nine rounds.

"I've been waiting to join the Senior Tour 50 years," Douglass says. "I thought I'd have success out there, but I honestly never expected anything like this. There's really nothing like playing this tour. I'm out there with my old friends, playing great golf courses, and maybe best of all winning money."

"I think the problem some seniors have is that they lose that competitive edge. I don't think the talents diminish when you lay off between the regular and Senior tour. You just aren't mentally ready to battle every round. In reality, the last two years on the regular tour I've been preparing to play the Seniors."

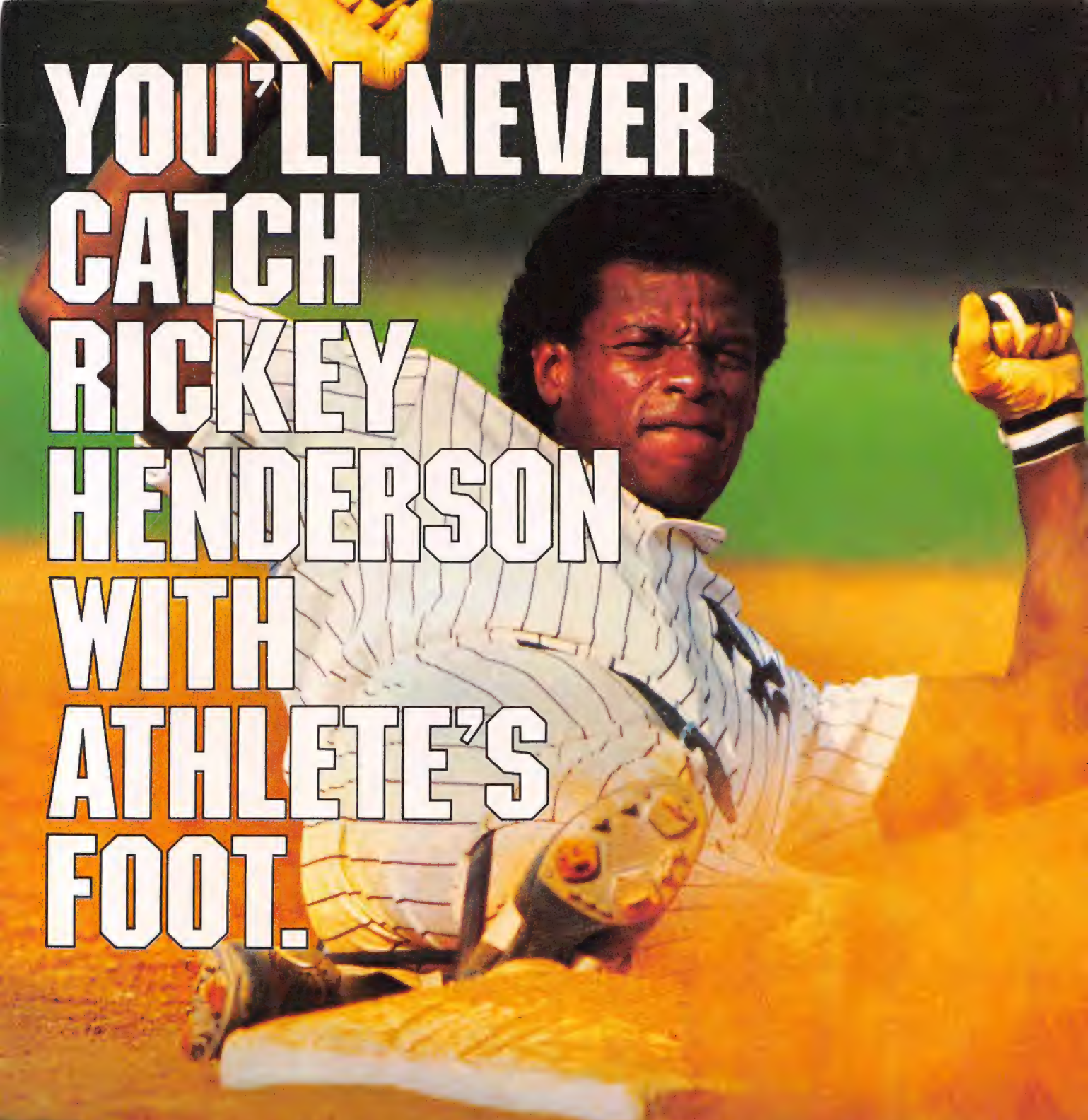
While Douglass has enjoyed great success on the Senior circuit, he was not as fortunate on the regular tour. In 1969 he earned \$91,553 to finish 12th on the money list, but he suffered whiplash in a car accident later that year. The neck injury caused minor problems until 1972, when Asian flu apparently settled in his neck. For the next seven years he was bothered by a stiff neck. He also had a bad wrist, but continued to play refusing to take any time off. As he continued to play with the injuries his earnings steadily fell. Following the 1975 season he never cracked the Top 100 on the money list.

The rise of Douglass is an example of what is taking place on the Senior tour. Once the playground of Arnold Palmer, Don January, and Miller Barber, the tour is now dominated by "rookies." First-year players along with Douglass include Chi Chi Rodriguez, Bruce Crampton, Gary Player, Bob Charles, and Bobby Nichols. Rodriguez has not finished below fifth in five tournaments, and Player won the General Foods 47th PGA Senior Championship at Palm Beach Gardens, Fla.

"Maybe I picked the wrong year to join," Rodriguez says. "I might be a year too late. Dale is playing great golf, no doubt about it. He's played with me, Palmer, and Billy Casper in the final round and has beaten us. He's tough, but our time will come."

Started in 1980 as an offshoot to the Legends of Golf, the Senior tour played two events that year for a total of \$250,000. In 1986 there are 32 events worth more than \$7.5 million, and in 1987 there will be 38 scheduled tournaments for over \$10 million.

"It used to be we'd just go out and knock it around, and have some fun," says January. "Now, the money is too good for that." ■

A photograph of Rickey Henderson, a professional baseball player, sliding into a base. He is wearing a white pinstriped baseball uniform and yellow batting gloves. His expression is one of intense effort and pain. The background is a blurred green field and brown dirt base.

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By BOB RUBIN

Bloopers, Blunders, and Bleepers by the Best

THERE WAS THE TIME a shot of Dwight Eisenhower filled the screen and Charlie Jones couldn't remember his name. There was that memorable moment when Brent Musburger identified a black athlete as the brother of one of the Beach Boys.

There was Dick Enberg's rendition of "Raindrops Keep Falling on My Head"—so awful a UCLA music professor wrote him to say he had hit two notes never heard before. There was Keith Jackson awarding a gold medal to the wrong team at the Olympics, Vin Scully and Bob Costas turning the air blue and their faces red with classic slips of the tongue, and Pat Summerall facing the horror of time and a terrible interview on his hands.

To improvise on an old golf adage, there's many a slip twixt the mike and the lip.

One of the great appeals of sports on the air is that it's live. For sportscasters, it's also one of the great dangers. With no re-takes or do-overs, a mike becomes a hand grenade. If you don't handle it with care, you can get all blown up.

Inevitably, the best of them plant foot deep in mouth. Even Emmy winners have had moments in their careers when they wished they could have reached out and pulled their words back a split second after they were said. That being impossible, they hoped for the next best thing—the earth to open and swallow them.

The subject is bleeps, bloopers, and blunders. Here's the best of the worst, as reluctantly recalled by a sampling of some of the



Even the best sportscasters have had moments when they wished they could have reached out and pulled their words back a split second after they were said.

nation's best-known hired gums:

First, the Case of the Unknown Soldier.

Charlie Jones was working his first major event for NBC in 1966, the Bob Hope Desert Classic. Lucky for him, it didn't become his last.

That year, in addition to the purse, the winner was to receive the Eisenhower Trophy, to be presented in person by the ex-president, a golf addict. The NBC producer ordered a shot of Ike punched up, and told Jones over the earphones, "There's the late president."

He obviously didn't mean "late." Jones knew it, but he drew a blank trying to think of the word "former." As he strained to think of it he forgot the name of "probably the most

recognizable man in the world at the time," Jones said with a sigh.

"So I finally said, 'Well, there he is.'"

The tournament ended in a tie between Arnold Palmer and Doug Sanders. They both teed off on the first extra hole, and as they walked down the fairway, Jones and his producer repeated their mystery-celebrity routine.

Shot of "late" president . . . blank on word "former" . . . blank on name . . .

"So I said, 'Well, there he is again,'" Jones recalled. "The producer said, 'Aw, ----!' and never punched up a shot of Eisenhower again."

(Use of the word "late" exploded in the face of Howard Cosell after he said it on the air during one of ABC's Monday night baseball games. "Howard was into one of his usual mem-

ory gigs, and he did a dissertation on 'the late' Joe McCarthy when he was managing the Yankees," said someone who was there but wishes to remain anonymous. "The next day, Howard got a call from 'the late' Joe McCarthy.")

Musburger's misadventure can be dubbed Brotherly Love.

Brent was working an NBA game involving the Chicago Bulls about a decade ago when he had one of those painful little lapses. "I don't know what the hell I was thinking, but I identified Bob Love of the Bulls as brother of the Beach Boys' Mike Love."

A brother under the skin, perhaps, but not on the surface. Wrong complexion.

"Oscar Robertson was my analyst," Mus-

gerger said. "He gave me a weird, weird look, but didn't say anything. I knew something was wrong, but I didn't know what. Then at halftime, someone said to me, 'You must know something about the Beach Boys no one else does.' That's when it hit me. It was another player, Stan Love, who was the brother.

"Oscar was giggling. I was so embarrassed I said: 'This is one I'm not going to correct on the air. I can only make it worse. I'll answer all letters and calls, but I'm not going to say anything.'

"Do you know, I didn't get one letter or call. I wondered, 'Isn't anyone watching, or doesn't anyone know the Beach Boys?' I told Bob Love about it later, and he just laughed."

Staying on a musical theme, we move on to Enberg's infamous rendition of "Raindrops," so rotten people stop him and talk about it to this day. Hang in there. This takes awhile.

In 1970 Enberg was doing tape-delayed telecasts of UCLA basketball games. The Bruins, then in the dynastic John Wooden era, opened their conference schedule against hopelessly outclassed Oregon, who fell behind, 10-2, and simply held the ball to avoid embarrassment.

There was no penalty for stalling then, and Wooden was content to sit on the lead, which left Enberg with forever to describing nothing. "I talked about the weather, the Bruins' last opponent, their next opponent, the history of the University of Oregon—anything I could think of—and there were still 10 minutes left.

"The movie 'Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid' had just been released. It was raining that night, so I said: 'Folks, I've talked about everything I can think of. There are raindrops falling on my head, and I keep thinking of this song.' Then I began to hum it."

After UCLA's next game, a squeaker over Oregon State, Enberg remarked that "Raindrops" was an appropriate song for beleaguered Bruin opponents, then made an offhand pledge that proved fateful.

"I said I'd sing it at midcourt the night UCLA clinched the conference title. It was one in the morning when I said it, and I didn't think anyone would be listening."

People were listening. "Raindrops" became UCLA's unofficial fight song. The band would strike it up to signal the moment a game was in the bag, sort of like Don Meredith's Monday night warbling of "Turn Out the Lights." Students would stand, look at Enberg and chant, "You'll sing! You'll sing!"

Came the big night, the conference-clinching victory over Cal. Even Ma Nature cooperated with rain. A puddle formed beneath Enberg as the full realization set in of the bind he had put himself in. "I'm a terrible

singer," he said. "I stalled for 20, 30 minutes after the game, hoping people would leave."

Nope. So, as promised, Enberg sang at midcourt. Well, sang is being charitable. "Dogs were whining for miles around," he said. "But as I started, all the kids stood and opened umbrellas. It turned out to be a beautiful moment—an ugly, beautiful moment. I still have people spot me at airports and shout, 'Hey, Raindrops!'"

Water also provided the theme of Keith Jackson's Olympic adventure, a nightmare that had a happy ending.

Jackson was ABC's swimming and diving man at the '72 Munich Games, when he was assigned in a late switch to cover a championship water polo match between Hungary and the Soviet Union. The same two teams had met in the final in Melbourne in '56, the year the Soviet Union crushed the Hungarian revolution, and the pool had run red with blood. That's why ABC decided to show the rematch 16 years later live.

But sometime during the match, Roone Arledge decided to go with a condensed, tape-delayed version instead of a live telecast. Only Jackson didn't know that. Too bad. If he had, he would have been spared the worst moment of his broadcasting career. Yes indeedy-doodo.

Jackson didn't have time to thoroughly research the match, relying on an information packet that said, among other things, a tie would give the gold medal to Hungary. Of course, the match ended in a 4-4 tie.

"There I was, babbling on about Hungary winning its first gold medal, when I noticed happy Soviet players throwing their coach in the pool," Jackson said. "I began to suspect there was something terribly wrong, then learned, of course, that the tie gave the Russians the gold.

"It was the penultimate sinking feeling. My stomach departed my body."

And returned when he learned he hadn't been on live, that there was still a chance for a correction.

"It was dodging the ultimate bullet, getting a bonus sunrise," Jackson said.

Scully had no such second chance when he tripped over his own tongue. It happened in his second or third year with the Dodgers, and the memory is so vivid he can remember the obscure player involved—one Lloyd Merriman of the Cincinnati Reds.

"Merriman hit a foul down the third-base line," recalled the normally eloquent, elegant Scully. "My brain told me to say, 'There's a hot shot hit foul,' but when you start fooling around with words like hot, shot, and hit . . .

"Anyway, it came out something like, 'There's a hot shit foul.' Everyone in the booth broke up, of course."

Bob Costas broke 'em up in the NBC

booth and truck one Saturday afternoon last season when he provided memorable commentary to accompany a shot of Tommy John, who had just joined the Oakland A's.

"I said, 'There's Tommy John. He'll be in the rotation soon, but he needs some work first, so he'll be pissing in Appleton, Monday.'"

Costas quickly said, "Pitching," then resisted a devilish urge to add, "Actually, he'll be doing both if he stays in Appleton long enough."

Len Dawson made a less pungent but no less embarrassing slip of the tongue when he began his sportscasting career as a TV reporter in Kansas City while still quarterback of the Chiefs.

"I was so nervous, I ended the show with: 'That's sports tomorrow. I'll see you today.' I didn't know I said it until I got home and my wife told me. I didn't believe it until I went back over the tape."

Bud Collins was the victim of timing and the legendary temper of Pancho Gonzales.

He was broadcasting the 1971 U.S. Open from Forest Hills, the year Chrissie Evert made her national debut as America's first adorable teen-age tennis princess. Though only 16, she had made it all the way to the semis before bowing to Billie Jean King, captivating the country with her ponytail and precocity.

But off the court, Evert was still just a kid, a shy and sheltered one at that who was a student at a Catholic high school in Fort Lauderdale, Fla.

The interview area was a porch overlooking the main stadium court. Collins was to interview Evert after her loss, but the start was delayed and didn't take place until the next match had begun, one featuring the notoriously temperamental Gonzales.

"My back was to the court, with Chrissie facing it," Collins recalled. "At best, it wasn't an easy interview, and this wasn't at best. Suddenly, I could sense that the stadium had grown still. I could see Chrissie's eyes grow wide as saucers—see near terror on her face.

"Then I heard Gonzales' voice booming from right below the porch. He yells, '-----, Collins, don't you know we're playing a tennis match down here?' Then the crowd started to boo. Chrissie was pretty shaken, and so was I. We wound it up pretty quickly."

To Marv Albert's amazement, no one booed his most forgettable moment, which occurred when he was a student at Syracuse University doing radio re-creations of road games of the Triple-A Syracuse Chiefs, complete with tapes of crowd noise, cracks of bats, etc. No one cheered, either. No one did anything.

The games came in pitch-by-pitch over a wire, with Albert and a partner doing them

on a delayed basis. One night Albert wandered into the station newsroom for a few minutes. When he returned, he discovered to his dismay that his partner had gone from the 2nd to the 5th inning, skipping the 3rd and 4th entirely. Did young Marv come clean? Not a chance.

"Credibility was not of prime importance to me at that point in my career," he said. "Like if the wire got stuck, we'd have these mysterious rain delays when there wasn't a cloud in the sky."

As traumatic as were the two vanished innings, the audience reaction was worse. There was none. Zippo. "Shows what kind of following we had," Albert mused.

Tom Brookshier's hall-of-famer was a visual.

"We were opening live before a Dallas-Washington game one year, and I was reaching inside my pants to pull down my shirt tail," Brookshier said. "I've got my hand in my crotch when I look up and ask this kid, 'Are we on yet?' He smiled and said, 'We have been for 15 seconds.'"

Summerall was Brookshier's longtime boothmate B.M. (before Madden), but phlegmatic Pat was alone during his worst moments. They lasted 18 minutes, but felt like 18 years.

It happened early in Summerall's career, when he was an analyst. In those days at CBS, the analyst also did the postgame show. One day in Cleveland, Summerall was told he had 18 minutes to fill after the game. That's a long time for even the most experienced and talkative in the business, and Summerall was neither.

Browns' star runner Leroy Kelly was hurt early in the game and replaced by one Reece Morrison, who had a career day, rushing for something like 160 yards. Naturally, Morrison was Summerall's guest.

"We were both scared to death," Summerall said. "I said, 'You must have really enjoyed today.' He said, 'Boy, it was really something,' then he stopped. I asked, 'What was it like to be in the same backfield with Ernie Green?' He said, 'Boy, it was really something,' then he stopped. I asked, 'What about running behind guys like John Wooten and Lou Groza?' He said, 'Boy, it was really something,' then he stopped.

"To make a long story short, all he said to every question I asked was, 'Boy, it was really something.' Talk about 18 minutes being an eternity, I was in a bigger panic than he was by the end."

So it goes at times when the mike is live and the red light lit. Say the following five times fast: There's a hot shot hit to short. ■

Only his copy editor and his computer terminal know about contributing editor BOB RUBIN's embarrassing bloopers.



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CHARCOAL MELLOWED FOR SMOOTHNESS

What major league baseball cities have had two teams move away since 1900?

D. H., St. Louis

Nine major league cities have had teams relocate in the 20th century; three of the cities, Milwaukee, Washington, and New York, have seen teams leave town twice.

The Milwaukee Brewers were one of the American League's eight original entries in 1901, but their stay was short. They took up residence the following year in St. Louis and were known as the Browns. After 52 years of mostly mediocre baseball in St. Louis, the Browns headed for Baltimore in 1954 to become the Orioles. Milwaukee also lost a National League club after the 1965 season when the Braves, after 13 years, departed to Atlanta. Prior to Milwaukee, the Braves were stationed in Boston.

The Washington franchises also changed homes on two occasions. In 1961 the Senators left the nation's capital in favor of Minnesota. That same year, a second Washington Senators franchise joined the league as an expansion team along with the California Angels. The Angels are still in California, but lack of fan support forced the second Senators club to begin life anew as the Texas Rangers in 1972.

Probably baseball's most stunning franchise shifts occurred in 1958, when the Brooklyn Dodgers and New York Giants shocked the Big Apple by abandoning famed Ebbets Field and the Polo Grounds and taking up roots in Los Angeles and San Francisco. The moves left New York without National League baseball until the Mets surfaced in 1962.

Other cities that have seen teams come and go since 1900 include Philadelphia (the A's moved to Kansas City in 1955), Kansas City (which in turn went on to Oakland in 1968), Seattle (the expansion-team Pilots played one season, 1969, in Seattle before going to Milwaukee), and Baltimore (the Orioles had an American League club for a couple of years at the beginning of the century but relocated in 1903 to become, would you believe, the New York Yankees).



Comiskey Park has been the home of the White Sox since 1910.

What major league teams have been playing in their stadiums/parks for the longest time?

G. R., Honolulu

The Chicago White Sox have that distinction, as they have been playing their home games at Comiskey Park since 1910. Two years later Fenway Park and Bennett Park (now called Tiger Stadium) opened their gates in Boston and Detroit, where the Red Sox and Tigers have played since. Among National League teams, the Cubs have gone the longest without changing ballparks. They have played in Wrigley Field, originally called the North Side Grounds, since 1916.

Is it true that in certain situations a pitcher can be charged with an earned run while his team is not? Can you explain in which situations this rule applies?

A. B., Fresno, Calif.

It doesn't happen frequently, but every now and then the official scorer invokes Rule 10.18(1). To illustrate, let's say the Tigers are playing the Orioles. Jack Morris, pitching for the Tigers, retires the first two batters in the seventh inning, but Cal Ripken reaches first

on an error by Lou Whitaker. At this point, any runs scored by the Orioles are charged as unearned runs against Morris and the team because had Whitaker made the play on Ripken, Morris would have been out of the inning. Suppose Willie Hernandez replaces Morris on the mound after Whitaker's error. Although any runs scored by the Orioles are unearned, the folks who write baseball's rules feel that Hernandez would have an unfair advantage to come into the game and, regardless of how many runs he allows, not be charged with any earned runs. The rule states that any runs he allows the rest of the inning (excluding Ripken's), without the aid of errors, are charged as *earned* runs against Hernandez but *unearned* runs against the team. If Eddie Murray and Fred Lynn greet Hernandez with back-to-back home runs, Morris is charged with one unearned run, Hernandez is charged with two earned runs, and the Tigers team is charged with three unearned runs. ■

To uncover obscure sport facts, settle wagers, or to unravel confusing trivia, send your questions to: Inside Out, 1020 Church Street, Evanston, Illinois 60201.



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By STEVE FIFFER

Carlton Fisk

On management: 'I didn't deserve to be treated in such a small way.'

On playing left field: 'You may go brain dead part of the time.'

On his defense: 'Last year I saved the team 221 runs.'

WHEN SPRING TRAINING BEGAN this year, Carlton Fisk of the Chicago White Sox felt as if he'd been put out to pasture—literally. After spending, as he puts it, "20 years perfecting my trade as catcher," Fisk was asked to move from behind the plate to left field. Neither the change itself nor the manner in which the White Sox handled it pleased the 38-year-old, who has been the American League's All-Star backstop in 10 of his 14 major league seasons, including 1985. Fisk also was less than happy about Chicago's offseason attempt to trade him to the New York Yankees for Don Baylor.

One's initial reaction is that individuals in every profession, including baseball, are often asked to make adjustments for the benefit of the "team," and very few of them have, as Fisk does, the consolation of making almost a million dollars a year whatever his position. But listening to the thoughtful veteran speak eloquently about the nature and exhilaration of catching, controlling the tempo of the game, and then remembering what a presence he was both behind the plate and when he strode to the pitcher's mound, it is difficult not to feel for him. Carlton Fisk was the embodiment of catching. After his most productive season at the plate—37 home runs, 107 RBIs—Fisk was posed to set a number of records. His 255 home runs as a catcher already place him third on the all-time list in that category, and he is the only catcher in modern history to steal more than 100 bases and hit more than 100 home runs.

Interestingly, he fell into catching by chance. The Boston Red Sox, with whom he originally signed after setting basketball and baseball records in Charlestown, N.H., told him he could play any position, including pitcher and shortstop. The thought of a shortstop who could hit 37 home runs would give pause to any pitcher. "That's true," Fisk laughs, "but can you imagine someone who weighs 236 pounds playing that position?"

The 37 home runs was a record for Fisk, who after leading the White Sox to a divisional championship in 1983 suffered a pulled stomach muscle early in 1984 that threatened to end his career. He credits his renaissance to an intensive training program that features lifting heavy free weights. After almost every game, home or away, Fisk repairs to the clubhouse weight room to work out. "It's usually 1 a.m. by the time I get out of there," he says.

INSIDE SPORTS: Was baseball always your first love?

CARLTON FISK: No. I came from a small town, small school. We just had three sports. In the fall we played soccer—we didn't have enough boys to play football. In the winter we played basketball. And in the spring we played baseball. My favorite sport—maybe right up to now—was basketball. I always wanted to be an NBA player, to play for the Celtics.

IS: When did you realize you couldn't make the NBA?

CF: I was playing freshman basketball at the University of New Hampshire—I went there on a basketball scholarship—and we played the University of Connecticut. Their starting guards were 6'5" and 6'6", and I was a 6'1" forward. I could jump, but I guess it was then that I figured I better look to other sports.

IS: Many athletes who played several sports say that baseball always held a special appeal for them intellectually, that it's a thinking man's game. Was that true in your case?

CF: I never came across that as an amateur, because I never played that many games. I only played 10 or 11 games a year in high school and maybe 10 or 11 games a year in the summer American Legion or Babe Ruth leagues. I once tried to add up all the games I played as an amateur and I didn't even make it to 100. That's from ninth grade to the time I signed. So I never really knew anything about baseball, never really cared. When I was in school I was really spending all my

spare time at my grandfather's barn shooting hoops.

IS: Having played so little as an amateur, how did you learn the game?

CF: When I first came up I spent a lot of time listening. I think most of baseball is learned by listening. Asking questions and listening. Not saying "I know" too many times.

IS: Many veterans and former players think listening is a lost art and say today's players take off from the clubhouse as soon as the game is over. Do you agree?

CF: The whole game is becoming so specialized now, and as a result players are only concerned with what they have to do, which might be anything from late-inning relief to pinch-hitting to platooning. They don't concern themselves with other parts of the game, because they're not involved with them. When you take the pitcher out of the hitting game, that takes away 40 percent of your club because the pitchers won't sit around and talk to hitters anymore.

IS: Whom did you listen to?

CF: I asked a lot of questions of the old guys. In the Boston organization we had people like Mace Brown, Charlie Wagner, Bots Nekola, and then as I came up I learned through the managers I played for—Rac Slider, Billy Gardner, Darrell Johnson. Darrell probably taught me more about catching and thinking along with pitchers and trying to set up hitters than anybody. And then when you get to the big leagues, guys like Reggie Smith, Carl Yastrzemski, Rico Petrocelli, and George Scott had intelligent things to say about the game. Freddie Lynn—he didn't talk too much, but you could watch because he was pretty sweet the way he approached hitting. And then the guy I talked the most to during my last four or five years in Boston was a coach, Walt Hrinik. I learned a lot about hitting from Walt.

IS: Just hitting?

CF: People appreciate the art of pitching no-hitters. But I really believe fans come to the



ballpark to watch the offensive game. They appreciate great defensive plays, but they don't appreciate the routine defensive play, which isn't as routine as it seems.

IS: Does that make you want to channel your game to the offensive side?

CF: If I were to pass on anything to anybody, it would be that people judge your talent and your value to a club by what you can contribute offensively, unless you're a defensive phenom—the Mark Belanger, the Eddie Brinkman, guys you could carry on your club at a key position because they could make every play that comes along. Look at some guys playing who can hit; then look at the rest of their game. You ask: Can they run? Can they throw? Can they play their position? And you get a “maybe,” a “negative,” a “not bad.”

IS: You don't feel that you've wasted your time developing all those skills, do you?

CF: No. I've always felt as though I was much more than a one-dimensional player, and I never really considered myself an offensive player. I concentrated on defense and how I handled the pitchers and called the game. I've kept a statistic that people don't keep: pitches blocked that result in runs saved. Last year I saved our club 221 runs. And that wasn't my best year. Some years the pitchers are more reliable than others. One year with Boston I saved 287 runs. I've always felt that was my most important role. That kind of proficiency at your position goes unnoticed because it's not spectacular. It's not a home run, it's not a double, it's not a stolen base. You could block seven balls and save seven runs a game all year long and nobody would even notice. But the guy who comes up behind you, the Harold Baines or Ron Kittle, and puts it in the upper deck, the fans remember.

IS: Even if fans don't appreciate that defense behind the plate, do managers or general managers or your teammates? Do you think an arbitrator would notice it?

CF: That's a good question. I've never used it as a bargaining tool and never been to arbitration, but I know the pitchers appreciate it, although sometimes I don't even think they realize that you've saved a run. And I know Tony [Sox manager Tony LaRussa] is aware of it because I kept him informed. You don't block 'em all or save 'em all, but I saved the majority of them. I know the other

catchers appreciate it, too. They know how tough it is to block a ball and have it stop right there in front of you. And that makes it all worthwhile, when you're recognized by your peers as doing the job you're supposed to do.

IS: How did you end up being a catcher?

CF: I caught in Little League. That's where I got my nickname, Pudge. I was a little fat



'I feel as strange as a whale in the desert.'

kid, not very tall. I caught the first three years, and the fourth year I was too fat and the equipment didn't fit me, so I played elsewhere. In my junior and senior years in high school I was exclusively a pitcher. In college I caught maybe eight out of the 13 games we played and pitched the rest of them. When I was scouted they asked me if I wanted to sign as a shortstop because I'd played shortstop in American Legion ball.

IS: So when did you finally become a catcher for good?

CF: When I signed with the Red Sox they asked me what I wanted to play. They thought I could play the infield, they thought I could pitch, they thought I could catch. At that time the catching situation in Boston was in doubt and they said if I became a catcher that would be my quickest ticket to the big leagues.

IS: It is strange to see you in left field. Does it feel strange to you?

CF: It really does. It feels probably as strange as it does for a whale to be trying to swim in the desert. I don't know whether I miss the squat. I don't miss the foul tips. I'll go out there and I'm going, “Man, this is about as far removed as you can be.” When I'm catching I touch the ball four times before a guy makes an out! The one thing I don't like

in the outfield is that you stand around and stand around and all of a sudden you gotta make a play in the alley or make a play down the line and you haven't thrown for three innings, other than just loosen up between innings, and you haven't really run, other than jogging out to your position, and now you gotta bolt. But behind the plate you're always throwing, backing up first base, always running.

IS: Do you try to call pitches while you're out there or second-guess the catcher?

CF: No. I'm not trying to second-guess; I'm just trying to deal with the pitcher. I find you can actually get yourself in trouble anticipating too much, thinking what a pitch is gonna be. You say, “Two and one, I bet he throws a change-up,” or “One and two, I bet he throws a curveball. Because if he throws a curveball, the batter is gonna pull it, and if he throws a fastball he's not.” Sometimes I find myself thinking too much.

IS: The Sox media guide and the game programs list you only as an outfielder. Do you still consider yourself a catcher, still expect to catch some games?

CF: I'll tell you, after going through spring training without catching a game, I don't see how they can expect me to catch later on. [On May 9, Fisk caught his first game for the Sox in '86. He regained his starting job after Joel Skinner got off to a slow start behind the plate.] I've been told that I'm the left fielder, and that if I don't want to play left field then I can be a part-time DH, which I think is pretty rude because I don't think I deserve to be treated that way. I think my talents behind the plate should be recognized a little more. There's no recognition there at all that I was an All-Star catcher. *I am an All-Star catcher.* So I'm having a tough time dealing with that.

IS: How do you deal with it?

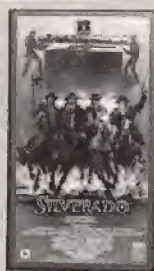
CF: I have no idea. I've been trying. And I don't know whether it's worth trying, because I don't think anyone will understand that I've spent 20 years perfecting my trade.

IS: In that sense were you hoping for a trade during the offseason so you might end up

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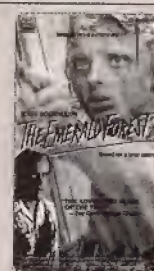
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somewhere you could catch every day?

CF: No. I was a little disappointed about how that whole offseason thing took place. I didn't feel as though I deserved to be treated in such a small way. I'm not talking dollar signs. I'm talking eye-to-eye, face-to-face, person-to-person—character, integrity.

IS: So what can you do? Do you keep a sad spot in your heart? Do you bite the bullet?

CF: Whether you need the pat on the back, whether you need the recognition for the team to say: "We realize what you've done. What you are doing is at the highest level in the game, but for the betterment of the team, this is the way we'd like to have it, and what do you think?" Instead they just issued an ultimatum: Do this or else. I know I never wanted to leave, but they never found out.

IS: So what kind of goals do you have this season?

CF: I really don't know. I guess all I wanted was to be treated with the proper respect I deserved after playing for 14 years at the level I've played at the toughest position in the game. What it boils down to is this season will probably be as pleasant as I make it or as miserable as I choose to make it.

IS: Many people say what a great athlete you are and how you could play any position. Is that turning out to be a curse now?

CF: I think it's just a smoke job at this stage. People don't realize I'm 38 years old. I'm not 28, I'm not 30. I'm 38. I've got all those games on my legs as a catcher. I think saying, "Fisk will make the transition because he's a great athlete," is basically appealing to my ego.

IS: Do you think the change will help your hitting because you won't have to think about catching?

CF: I think it can work two ways. Granted, physically you're not going to catch the foul balls, and the mental fatigue of catching won't take its toll. But I've done pretty well with all of those distractions and problems. There's also the chance that being so far removed from all the action won't keep you in the game enough. I think that's what I responded to most throughout my career. I had a finger on the pulse of the game when I was catching and that meant I was mentally with it all of the time. And now out in left field—nine innings, touch four balls—you might fall asleep between the ears and not be ready for your at-bat.

IS: That suggests that being a designated hitter must not be too appealing to you.

CF: There's just too much time off between contributions, and it's basically the same thing in the outfield. [Laughing] You may go brain dead part of the time.

IS: What kind of relationship do you think you'll have with the young catchers on the

CF: It's difficult to say because each city is different. I definitely try to get my workouts in on the road. If there's a weight room at the ballpark, I'll usually work out after a game. A lot of times I don't leave those parks until 1 a.m. and then I go back and get room service. If the ballpark doesn't have a place I can work out, I find someplace to work out during the day.

IS: It's not as glamorous as it seems, is it?

CF: It really isn't. People think it's glamorous because they see your picture or your name or your team's name in the paper, or they come to the ballpark and see you in your uniform. But they have a big misconception of what it's like to be a player, or at least a conscientious player. They don't see the times you get into Texas at 4 in the morning and have to play a game the same day in 100-degree weather. They say, "Aw, you're making enough money." It's a misconception that we're something other than human because of the money we make. We're just like everybody else. We have families, we have hurts, and we get fatigued.

IS: At this stage of your career does it matter to you what the media says about you?

CF: The only dislike is when the media creates a story with parts of your thoughts or parts of your conversation, or creates a story of what they think was a conversation between you and some-

body else and really does a character assassination. It may reach a million people that day. So the next time people come to the ballpark they're gonna have a distorted view, not of you as a player, but all of a sudden they have another avenue to draw from and that is an attack on you personally.

IS: You were injured in '84. Did you think your career might be over?

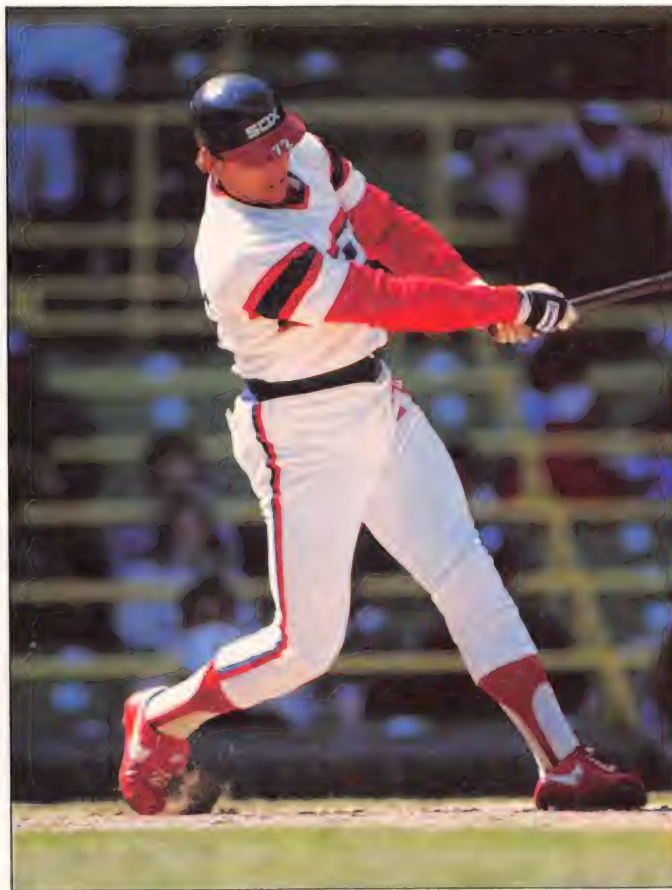
CF: I thought so. When you think about how long I'd played and how old I was—if I'd have had the problem at the beginning of '85 I'd have never played again.

IS: Wasn't there some confusion in diagnosing the problem?

CF: That was part of it. They had a lot of different thoughts and I took more tests in one year than I had ever taken in my whole life, and I found out that I wasn't pregnant.

IS: What turned it around?

CF: I started working out with a chiropractor I had met named Phil Claussen [now the Chicago Cubs conditioning coach]. I wouldn't say we found out what the problem was



'The power comes when you have good mechanics.'

team—Joel Skinner and Scott Bradley [now in the minors]? Is that something you should initiate, they should initiate, the team should initiate?

CF: I think it's something I should be asked to initiate, but from the indications I've had, the Sox don't want me to even touch a catcher's mitt.

IS: But these guys have very little major league experience, wouldn't you expect them to pick your brain?

CF: Skinner's been here for five years and hasn't picked my brain. Maybe they feel a little intimidated. But they're nice boys. Still, if they don't ask they'd just be hurting themselves and hurting the team, too.

IS: You're a lot older than these guys and most of the rest of the team. Is it difficult for you when you're on the road? Do you have anyone to pal around with?

CF: I'd say I'm pretty solitary. I think it's because I'm 10 years older than most of the guys, with the exception of Seaver.

IS: How do you spend time on the road?



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medically, but we set up a program. He made me start out with a rehabilitative program for trunk strength, and then it worked into a training program where I was gaining overall body strength. It worked out real well. I had worked with machines before, but this was the first time I'd ever used free weights.

IS: In the past you had a problem keeping your weight up during the season. Did the program help?

CF: I used to lose about 20 pounds over the course of a season. Last year I lost five.

IS: Earlier you mentioned working with Walt Hriniaak on your hitting. He's a member of the Charlie Lau hitting school. Are you?

CF: Yeah. Walter taught me more about hitting when he was with the Red Sox than I had learned in all the years before.

IS: Can you summarize the philosophy in a few sentences?

CF: It's basically developing a physical approach that will work day in and day out. I learned you have to be able to work for 162 games, not for that seven or eight or nine days when it doesn't make any difference whether you went up there left-handed. On the days when you need something that's gonna work, you gotta put a good pass on the ball. Because if you don't you're gonna go 0-for-40. And that's what they taught: the mechanics, physically approaching the ball properly. Then you can talk about the weight shift, the head down, the shoulder down, the swing down, the finish high, the top hand off, and the stiff front leg and all that stuff. And when it all works together, that's when you put on your streak. And with some guys, like George Brett, it might last two months, and with other guys it may last five days at a time.

IS: And the power comes automatically?

CF: It's there because you're making a good physical pass on the ball, and if you make good contact, there isn't a ballpark that can hold you.

IS: In that sense were you surprised by the 37 home runs you hit last year?

CF: I was a little surprised. But if I'd have had good swings all year, I might have had 50. I hit more fly balls to the track, and those are the balls you should have hit a bullet somewhere, and I just didn't do it.

IS: People such as Ted Williams will tell you that you're not going to be a great hitter or have much power following Lau's theory and swinging down.

CF: What do you think of George Brett? He's a pretty good power hitter, obviously. What do you think of Don Mattingly? How about Dave Winfield? Hank Aaron. I mean you see films of Babe Ruth hitting down on the ball; his back leg is off the ground, his front leg is stiff.

IS: When you came to the White Sox, Lau changed your stance pretty dramatically, didn't he?

CF: Yeah. I didn't swing down as drastically, and I was able to take the top hand off the bat, which allowed me to extend my arms.

IS: It's obvious that you're a student of the game. Would you like to stay in baseball after your playing days are over?

CF: I've learned a lot over the years. Whether I really know what I learned probably won't be apparent until I stop playing and then reflect on it and try to clue kids in on what it takes to play the game. But I think that's a possibility.

IS: Do you have other passions outside the game and your family?

CF: I raise orchids. I have a good time doing that. And during the summer the last couple of years I've been establishing a garden.

IS: Is that relaxing for you?

CF: Oh yeah. I can be out there for hours and get lost, and all of a sudden I'm supposed to go to the ballpark.

IS: From orchids back to baseball. Watching you catch it seems that you'd sometimes set up inside and then call a pitch on the outside corner just to fool the hitter. Do those kinds of games go on behind the plate?

CF: Sure. That's part of being involved in every pitch. And every pitch you're involved with may determine whether you win or lose the game.

IS: You have an impressive walk. Are you aware of it? It's the way a racehorse carries himself, almost regal.

CF: I've had people say that they wished I walked differently, that they hated me because of the way I walked, that it was almost a strut. Then again I've had people say that I look like a fag when I walk or when I run. And that may have been a deterrent for a lot of people in their relationship with me, because it gives the appearance that I'm unapproachable. And maybe that's my own way to create that barrier of caution that you need to protect your ego.

IS: Is it possible to say who the best pitcher you've worked with in the big leagues was?

CF: Well, I think there are two who stand out in my mind that I've had the most fun catching, and another one who is probably the smartest one I've ever caught. As far as being the most fun guy, that was Luis Tiant. He was the biggest competitor, and he had all the pitches.

IS: Who called those pitches?

CF: I called them, but he would work on his own variation off them. I didn't call for him to look up at the sky and the center field bleachers and stomp and snort. But I'd call a curveball and he'd deliver it any way he wanted to deliver it—up, down, in, out. The other guy that I had as much fun catching was as big a competitor as anyone—LaMarr Hoyt. During the last two years, catching Seaver has been an experience for me.

IS: You criticized the Sox when they traded

Hoyt after the '84 season for, essentially, Ozzie Guillen. Do you still think it was a bad trade?

CF: It's tough now because you've seen the trouble LaMarr has had. Ozzie is a nice player. He still has to prove himself for the next 10 years to be considered like an Aparicio. Maybe it's being a catcher and knowing the importance of a guy who can put 18 wins up and pitch 240, 250 innings for you.

IS: How about hitters? Is there one hitter you've watched from behind the plate who really stands out?

CF: Guys like Brooks Robinson, who you thought you could knock the bat out of his hands because he looked so frail, and he'd kill you; or Al Kaline, who you thought you could intimidate or throw the ball up and in on, and he'd take you into the bleachers. And then watching Yaz swing every day, or Frank Robinson. And Rod Carew, who was a magician with the bat, and Tony Oliva, who was a magician, too. And now you've got Brett, Boggs, and then the strong guys in the game—Reggie Jackson, Jimmy Rice.

IS: It must be fun to be behind the plate watching those guys and trying to outthink them?

CF: Oh yeah. And that's what I might miss, too, being out in left field—the confrontation every time the good hitters come up. You're trying to outthink 'em, outguess 'em, outdo 'em as a catcher.

IS: I think the one image people have in mind of Carlton Fisk is of you watching, coaxing, and then applauding the home run you hit to win the sixth game of the 1975 World Series. What effect does it have on you to see a replay of that moment?

CF: I really haven't seen it that many times. It was almost dreamlike, like it didn't really happen to me. Like it happened another day, another time, another era.

IS: What image of Carlton Fisk do you hope people will remember? Is it that home run, or you with your patented stance, or you in the dirt blocking a ball at home plate?

CF: It's really strange, because I think people view you as so important while your playing, and then when you're done they don't view you as important, which is really sad because that means they're basically fronting you. I've seen guys play the game and be recognized as the best, and two years after they're done all people say is, "Oh yeah, I remember he played." I just hope that throughout the course of my career I showed them that I came to play hard every day and I tried to do the best job I could and was a pretty dang good player. ■

We'd never move contributing writer STEVE FIFFER to left field, unless he started submitting poetry. Steve also has an article on Gold Glove fielders in this issue.



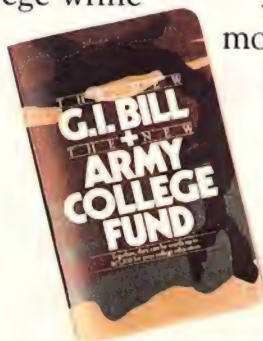
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Pro Football Ratings and Inside Stuff

The Bears defense clawed the NFL last season. Does this mean new rules have tilted the field in favor of defenses?

Our computer, Mad Max, will tell you.

We'll also tell you why the Eagles hired the wrong Bud, which teams will rise and which will fall, why

Phil Simms doesn't get enough credit, and other nuggets that will turn you into a football genius

**By Allen Barra
and
George Ignatin**





SOME PEOPLE ARE NEVER SATISFIED. Readers of INSIDE SPORTS, for instance. In last year's Ratings and Inside Stuff Issue we gave you a new method for rating teams, told you about the increasing importance of scheduling and home-field advantage, told you how you could sit down with a pencil and your Monday morning paper and figure a better system for ranking offenses and defenses than the pros use, and exploded dozens of timeworn myths involving the winning and losing of football games.

And do you give us credit? Hell, no. We'll bet there's at least a dozen of you out there

who have the '85 issue and are gleefully flipping to the page where we picked "Teams on the Upswing" and "Teams on the Downswing." We did OK on the upswing part: The Jets got much better, the Eagles somewhat better, and the Packers really did improve more than their won-lost record showed. The downswing . . . well, so we weren't quite right on the Bears, who sort of had a good season, the Giants, the Raiders, and the Cowboys. But hold on—we weren't as far off as that makes us look. Give us a moment to explain.

First off, we *hate* doing preseason predic-

tions; we feel much more comfortable waiting till the season is over for those. The big trouble with predictions, as our colleague Sebastian Dangerfield says, is that the games haven't happened yet. For instance, when we were getting last year's issue together, no one at Pete Rozelle's office was considerate enough to tell us that the rules regarding pass coverage were going to be changed, which turned out highly favorable to teams that won with defense rather than offense; no one told us that the rosters were going to be cut from 49 to 45 players, putting teams such as San Francisco, which utilized

Rating the NFL Defensive Buddy Systems

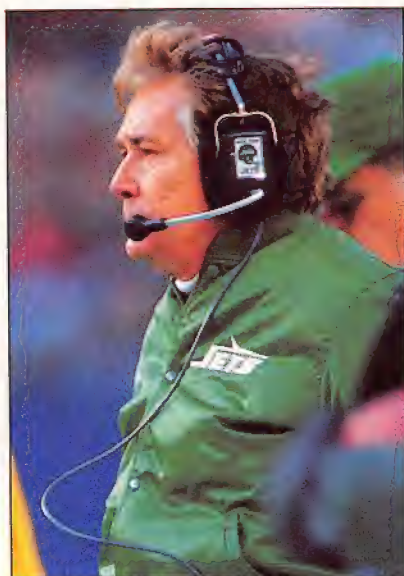
Buddy Ryan may have been the brains behind the 46 defense, which accelerated the Chicago Bears rise to the championship of pro football, but he was not necessarily the best defensive coordinator in the NFL in 1985. In fact, if an assistant coach could be named "coach of the year," a case could be made for giving it to the New York Jets' Bud Carson.

Hired by Joe Walton after the Jets defense ranked 21st in the league in '84, Carson installed an aggressive version of the popular 3-4 alignment and in just one season transformed it into the NFL's eighth-best defensive unit. The Jets allowed the fewest points (264) and the fewest rushing yards a game (94.8) in the AFC, two key reasons they achieved an 11-5 record after successive 7-9 seasons.

The results were even more remarkable considering the tools Carson was given to work with. Only defensive end Mark Gastineau and linebacker Lance Mehl were All-Pro material; former All-Pro DE Joe Klecko was being written off after two injury-plagued seasons; the linebacking unit was typically Jetsian—smart, small, and slow; the secondary was a mixture of inexperienced draftees and inconsistent vets.

But Carson's resumé read "success." He had erected Pittsburgh's "Steel Curtain" defense of the mid-to-late-'70s, and coached the Rams defense in '79, the only time L.A. has reached the Super Bowl. Carson's blueprint for the Jets was simple. After working with what he called "vanilla" versions of the 3-4 in Baltimore and Kansas City in '82 and '83, he would hide the Jets' deficiencies through aggressiveness.

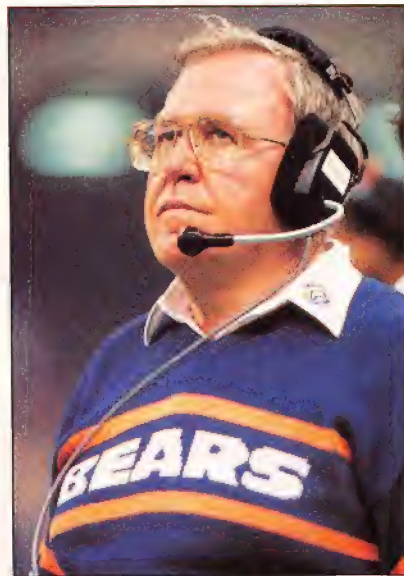
In the 3-4, a physically fit and more mobile Klecko became a dominating nose tackle. Carson moved Mehl inside from where he could blitz through the gaps Klecko opened by taking out two offensive linemen. Gastineau, who played the first few games with a broken thumb, was moved from left end to the quarterback's blind side, where he was a constant



Carson: He turned the passive Jet defensive into Gang Green.

intimidating presence. Under Carson, he also became less sack-happy and more of a "team" defender. Russell Carter, considered the secondary's best athlete, was shifted from safety to cornerback, where his size and strength allowed him to get physical with receivers, Mel Blount style.

Carson's backfield played consistent pass defense all year (seventh in the AFC) despite losing every member of the secondary (including Carter for the last six weeks) to injury at some stage. The turning point of '85 may have come in Game 4 against Indianapolis, when, with three starting DBs injured and the team clinging to a fourth quarter 25-20 lead, Carson's defense stopped the Colts on a 4th-and-inches at the Jets' 4. After the team's third straight win, reserve defensive back Johnny Lynn revealed that Carson had told the defense: "Nobody else can get hurt. If you play



Ryan: His 46 defense made the Bears true monsters.

cautious, you'll get hurt. So go for it. Play aggressive."

Sometimes his players couldn't guess what coverage Carson would want next—three-man, four-man, or 10-man fronts; Gastineau coming from a linebacker position, everybody blitzing. "But we've got confidence in Bud," said Klecko, "because we know he's not going to put us in a bad situation. He covers up our weaknesses." And Mehl, who made Carson believe he wasn't "overpaid and overrated," as some New York writers had charged, became the coach's brains in the huddle. "Bud's system," said Mehl, "makes so much sense that once you learn it you can almost anticipate his new ideas."

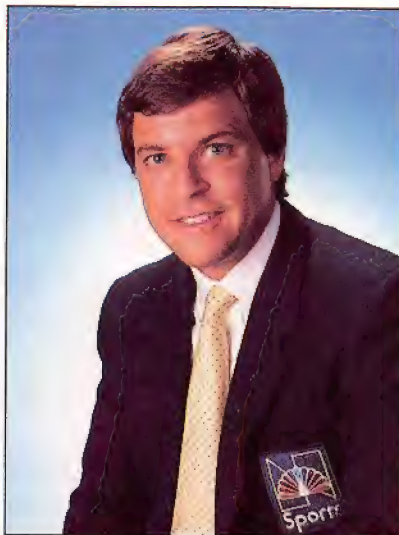
Carson's ideas did not sweep the national media, as Buddy Ryan's did, but his results were almost as impressive.

—STEPHEN HANKS

Costas: Offenses Hog Timeouts

"Uh, well, to tell you the truth, I can't really think of *five*," said Bob Costas, the host of NBC's "NFL '86" from his hotel room in Toledo, when asked to list his five most over-rated football coaching moves. "But I can think of two that really bug me. Why, for instance, don't more football coaches call timeouts while on *defense*, instead of saving them for their *offense*? On offense, you have a built-in chance for a timeout with the out-of-bounds pass. In most situations it would be better to have, say, two minutes and 12 seconds and no timeouts than, oh, 43 seconds with two timeouts."

But the play that really throws me is when coaches go for a field goal on fourth-and-one inside their opponent's 5-yard line early in the game. Now, when you compare how much you have to gain with the little you stand to lose, it strikes me as a great gamble. Let's say you're at the 2-yard line and you go for it and fail, you still pin your opponent deep in his territory, where a turnover could be disastrous. And even if you don't get the turnover, you stand a good chance of getting the ball back somewhere within range of your field goal kicker. Add that to the chance to get seven points—how many chances are you going to get inside the other team's 5?—and it seems to me the



Costas: 'Why go for a field goal inside the 5-yard line?'

possible benefits from going for the first down far outweigh the risks, which, it strikes me, are minimal."

—A. B.

a lot of "situation" players, on a more even footing with some rivals whose benches were less talented. We also, we have to confess, didn't take our own advice: We didn't look closely enough at the schedules.

The Giants were widely perceived to have had a great season last year, and by any yardstick they didn't do badly, winning 10 of 16 in the regular season and finishing seventh in our power rankings (See Power Ratings, page 35). But the Giants played the easiest schedule in the NFL last year; their opponents had a collective rating of 95.9. How bad was that? Let's put it this way: There were only six teams in the NFL with power ratings *worse* than 95.9. Or we could say it like this: Tampa Bay had the league's toughest schedule last year, with opponents clocking in at 102.7. In other words, Tampa Bay's opponents came close to being a TD a game *better* than the Giants'. Let's look at it another way: The Giants, at 10-6, had a good year, while the Green Bay Packers, at 8-8, did not. Yet, our power ratings show that the 1986 Giants and Packers *were virtually the same team*. (When they played in Green Bay, the Packers won on a field goal, or the margin of the average home-field advantage.) The difference was that the Packers'

opponents were about five points a game stronger than the Giants' opponents. Or, stated more simply, if the Giants had played the Bears twice, and the Packers had *not* played the Bears and replaced them with almost anyone on the Giants' schedule, the Packers would almost certainly have had the better record.

We told you last year that the Giants needed to find a fast running back, and they found Joe Morris, whose 4.5 yards per carry was more than a yard better than the Giants got in 1984. But were the Giants *really* better than the year before? Were they really even as good? Our subjective judgment is, yes, the Giants were a little better, but they were damn lucky to have played that schedule.

Dallas and the Raiders? The Cowboys *did* decline, as you'll see on our power chart. The 10-6 record was deceptive: The Cowboys also played an easy schedule (98.4, a point below the league median) and had the 16th highest power rating in the league. That's down from 12th the year before. The Raiders? Well, they dropped a bit on our chart, from fifth to sixth. But what can you say about these guys? All their stats indicate a team that should have finished several places lower, a team that has severe prob-

lems. But somehow those problems never seem to make their way into the loss column.

And then there are the Bears. Remember what we said last year? We said that the Bears had to stop playing the macho, take-out-the-opposing-quarterback kind of football they had become famous for under Ditka, or other teams were going to decimate the Bear quarterback supply. "What chance," we said, "do you think there is that Ditka will wise up and accept discretion as the better part of macho? Our answer: the same chance the Bears have of going to the Super Bowl." Bingo. The Bears certainly didn't let up on defense last season, but they also *didn't* go out of their way to put opposing quarterbacks out of the game, either, and we think that's the principal reason McMahon survived the season and the Bears went to the Super Bowl.

So, all in all, not bad, huh? We think we had a pretty good bead on the way the 1985 season was going to go. We think we made it simple enough for an eight-year-old to understand.

So now we're telling you, like Groucho, to run out and find an eight-year-old to explain it all, because we can't make heads or tails out of what happened last year.

ALL RIGHT, LET'S DO A LITTLE backtracking. The essential theme of last year's essay was that we were in the middle of an offensive explosion caused by the 1978 pass-blocking and pass-defense rules. After the AFL and NFL merged in 1970, offense began an immediate decline. The combined average of AFL and NFL team scoring in 1970 was just a little under 42 points a game; within a year of the merger it had dropped to 38.5. There were dips and jumps over the next few seasons, but except for 1975, when points per game took an uncharacteristic hop to 41.1, it never really looked like things would revert to the pre-1970 status quo. By 1977 points per game had dropped all the way to 34.3, the lowest in the NFL (or AFL) since 1942.

The reasons this happened are not clear. It might have had something to do with the colleges reverting to the unlimited substitution rule after the 1964 season; college football team rosters became much bigger, and within a few years a whole generation of defensive players graduated into the pro ranks who had gone through school solely as defensive specialists. As NFL rosters expanded, there was room for more and more of this type of player in pro football. Maybe it's just a natural law in football that if left

Four Teams That Will Be Walking Tall

Philadelphia—We are not expecting any miracles here, maybe an improvement of just a couple of games. And to tell the truth, we would have expected it without the coming of Buddy Ryan and Keith Byars. The Eagles

played a lot of close games last year, and that's the sign of a team that knows how to play fundamental football. They already have a good defense, and Ryan can probably turn it into one that causes turnovers. They have fine receivers. Any changes in the effectiveness of the pass- and run-blocking would have to be for the better (Byars alone could lift the Eagles' yards-per-carry average by 0.5). A 9-7 or 10-6 year and a playoff berth for the Eagles would not be too much out of line.

Denver—It may seem strange to talk about a team that has won 24 games over the last two seasons as being on the upswing, but the Broncos spent most of last year acting like a team that didn't realize how good it could be. The Denver defense has been among the league's best since 1983, and there's no reason to assume it won't be again. The real question mark is the passing game. Stated simply, Denver did not have an effective throwing attack last year. We're picking Denver for this



The Eagles, Broncos, Bengals, and Cardinals have reason to believe their day is coming.

column on the assumption that John Elway is going to be somewhere near as good as everyone thinks he can be. The Broncos also didn't run well last year, but if Elway lives up to his potential that won't matter.

St. Louis—The Cardinals were the worst team in the NFL last year, according to Mad Max, and we don't disagree. But their numbers just don't add up to a team that's that bad. They were 16th in yards gained and 14th in yards allowed, and that should spell medi-

ocrity, not the worst team in pro football. Two years ago the Cardinals were 9-7 and looked like the coming team in the NFL; it's hard to believe that the success of the '84 Cardinals didn't say more about the abilities of Neil Lomax, Ottis Anderson, and Roy Green than last year's performance. We don't suppose the Cardinals can do too much to patch up their defense this year, but any improvement in the offensive line is bound to show up quickly in Neil Lomax's performance. (On paper, the Cardinals' main problem was the inability to hit on medium-to-long passes—they averaged only 6.7 yards per attempt—and on the field that had to be caused by a line that allowed 65 sacks. *That* was the key to the decline in the St. Louis offense; Lomax still finished in the NFL's top 10 in passing, and at least he didn't throw interceptions.

Cincinnati—If the Bengals defense shows any improvement at all this year, it could put Cincinnati in playoff contention, because the Bengals had the best offense in the NFL in 1985, a fine rushing attack and a passing game second only to the Jets' in effectiveness: 4,082 yards, the fourth-highest total in the league. The Bengals averaged eight yards a throw, second only to San Diego, and 13 interceptions, second only to the Jets.

We think Boomer Esiason is for real; we know Cris Collinsworth, Eddie Brown, and James Brooks are for real. Keep this in mind: *The Bengals outgained the Dolphins last year and actually gave up fewer yards on defense.* Only a handful of turnovers could keep Cincinnati from being in '86 what the Dolphins were in '84.

Four Teams That Will Be Stepping Down

Dallas—This team needs a fix *fast*. Even if you don't trust Max's power ranking of 16th best in the NFL last year, you have to admit that the two wins over the Giants were pretty fluky, and that if they play the same kind of ball as last year it's going to be tough getting into the playoffs again. Tony Dorsett is 32; Tom Rafferty is 33; Randy White is 33; John Dutton is 35; Mike Hegman is 33; Dennis Thurman is 31; and "Too Tall" Jones is now too old at 35. The starting backfield averages out at 31, oldest in the league. Even with Dorsett having a great season last year, the Cowboys had one of the most unproductive rushing attacks in the league; only three teams averaged fewer yards per carry. And even though the Cowboy blitz accounted for 33 interceptions and 62 sacks, only five teams in the league gave up more yards. This could be the last roundup.

New England—We're not talking about a serious nosedive, and we're not writing it off to the Super Bowl humiliation. New England seems to have solved the organizational problems that plagued it for years and has shown the knack of acquiring and holding on to good players. But the Patriots passing attack suffered a serious decline last year—especially Tony Eason—and it's hard to imagine they can win the AFC East with such a relatively weak passing game two years in a row. The defense should be just about as good, but even if they are, it's a long shot that they can recover as many fumbles as they did last year. Fumble recoveries tend to be a fluke thing from year to year, no matter how aggressive a defense is. The Pats could still be good and slip by two games in 1986. Still, a lighter schedule could help; they had one of the four toughest in the league last year.

N.Y. Giants—As with New England, we're not expecting a crash here, just some accumulated problems catching up. The Giants still don't seem to be able to protect Phil Simms, and if he goes out—and he's gone out before—you can give up any hopes of hearing "New York, New York" played in the Super Bowl. Joe Morris looks like the real thing, but the Giants would be a lucky team indeed if he averaged 4.5 yards a carry again. As of this writing, the Giants still haven't found that game-breaking wide receiver. And, finally, if the Giants get just a *normal* schedule this year and play exactly the same ball as in '85, they'll finish 9-7 or 8-8.

Chicago—Are we serious? Look, folks, we're not talking about the fall of the Roman Empire here. We're just saying that the team is bound to lose a couple more games in '86. We're not saying that the loss of football's most publicized defensive genius and the switch to the 3-4 will make the Bears less effective, but we won't know that they'll be as good as '85 for a while, will we? Walter Payton is getting on; he really slowed down toward the end of last season and wasn't a factor in postseason play. Ditka has made more enemies in one season than George Halas made in 50; and if we can trust the papers, some of them are on his own team. And, finally, how much do we really know about Jim McMahon, except that he plays well when the defense gives him a 10-0 lead and the ball at his own 47? We're not saying he *can't* do it, we're just saying we don't know. And there are a lot of Bear players who think they have a clear right to be the highest paid in the league at their position and will be at least mildly resentful if they're not. Add to this the fact that a lot of mediocre teams are going to let it hang out against the Bears, and you've got a team that's ripe for losing maybe four games. Or, like the 18-1 49ers of 1984, as many as six.

—A. B. and G. I.



Pro Football RATINGS and Inside Stuff

unhindered by rules, defense will eventually overwhelm offense.

Whatever the reasons, by 1977 NFL decision-makers must have felt they were in the same situation baseball owners were in after the 1968 season, when pitchers were overpowering hitters and .300 hitters were an endangered species. Baseball changed its rules to favor the hitter, and it worked. Not dramatically, but it worked. In pro football the rules changes had more noticeable effects. Passing stats shot up almost immediately, and scoring followed. By 1983 scoring had reached 43.6 points a game, an increase of 25% from pre-'78 rules. In 1984 passing efficiency reached an all-time high in the form of yards gained, and the interception rate continued to drop.

Perhaps concerned that declining TV ratings indicated too much of a good thing, the NFL altered the pass-coverage rules last

year to favor the defense. Did it work? Well, yes and no. It only helped the defense on paper a little, but it sure did help on the field a lot. And if that confuses you, think how it makes us feel. The facts are these: Passing efficiency—by which we mean the ability to gain yards without paying a high price in the form of sacks and interceptions—went down from 1984, when perhaps the two most efficient passing attacks in pro football history, those of Miami and San Francisco, carried those teams to the Super Bowl. Last year the league's passing efficiency decreased slightly, dropping from an all-time high of 4.03 yards per attempt—that's according to our method, which we'll get to in a minute—to 3.91 last year. That's not much of a drop, but the major points to consider are: (1) It was expected to *rise* at least that much, and (2) The teams that won on the field were the ones that featured defense.

How? Why? Well, let's take it step by step. You may recall our big defensive stat from last year, Total Defensive Efficiency. It sounds more complicated than it is. All you do is take the number of yards a team allows running and passing and subtract the sack yardage, 50 yards for each interception made, and 40 for each recovered fumble (we haven't got the space here to explain *how* we reached that figure; you'll just have to trust us that it isn't entirely arbitrary, and that it took years for us to reach it). Then you divide by the number of plays run *against* the defense in question. The result is the number of yards we figure a team really allowed per play. OK, now try to guess who the winner is from 1985, the most efficient defense in pro football. We'll give you the top five in the league, and why don't you venture a guess at the team that easily ranked No. 1 last season:

Attack of the Killer Schedules

What would the 28 teams of the National Football League look like if they were arranged according to how tough their schedule was last season? Well, it would mark the first time Tampa Bay finished on top. We think you can safely add one loss for every difference of

three points in schedule toughness between teams. In other words, the Giants can thank the schedule-maker as much as their defense for their playoff berth. Next month we'll publish the schedule difficulty rankings for the 1986 season.

1985 Schedule Toughness Ranking

Rank	Team	Power Rating	Home Field Advantage	Schedule Toughness
1.	Tampa Bay	89.6	2.4	102.7
2.	Detroit	98.6	5.6	102.5
3.	New England	111.9	0.1	102.0
4.	Seattle	103.7	1.0	102.0
5.	Buffalo	89.8	4.0	101.9
6.	Indianapolis	98.3	4.0	101.8
7.	N.Y. Jets	107.8	2.1	101.8
8.	Atlanta	92.6	1.0	101.7
9.	L.A. Raiders	105.6	1.5	101.6
10.	Kansas City	97.6	4.1	101.2
11.	Green Bay	104.1	2.8	100.9
12.	Denver	103.1	-1.1	100.6
13.	Miami	106.9	2.2	100.4
14.	Chicago	119.5	1.7	100.2
15.	Minnesota	97.2	0.6	99.9
16.	New Orleans	91.6	1.3	99.8
17.	San Francisco	106.9	0.8	99.6
18.	Cleveland	98.2	1.5	98.9
19.	San Diego	101.6	2.8	98.7
20.	Houston	89.1	2.3	98.6
21.	L.A. Rams	103.0	2.5	98.5
22.	Dallas	98.3	4.5	98.4
23.	Cincinnati	100.9	3.7	98.3
24.	Washington	99.9	0.3	98.3
25.	St. Louis	86.7	3.7	98.1
26.	Pittsburgh	96.1	1.2	97.8
27.	Philadelphia	96.3	0.4	97.5
28.	N.Y. Giants	104.7	2.1	95.9

Absolutely The Last Word On Odds and Ends

There we were at the greatest beef roundup this side of the old Chisholm Trail, the NFL draft, listening to team after team call out the names of their draft choices out of their 1986 wish books. It began to take on the semblance of someone reading off a train schedule: Here a Bo Jackson, there a Tim Green, and somewhere over there something that sounded like a Jim Dombrowski.

As day slowly turned into night, the pickings got slimmer. Teams grabbed players who weren't even household names in their own households, and we were reminded of the time years ago when one of the teams, convinced there was nothing left that even remotely resembled a prospect, had selected "John Wayne of Apache State" on the last round.

What were the chances one of these latter-round choices would make it? That set us to thinking—how could you handicap the NFL draft? Well, next day we went to see the Wizard of Odds, David Neft, and he helped map out a complete chart of NFL draftees, going back to Year I—1936, when the very first NFL draft choice, Jay Berwanger, chose to pass up the NFL.

Such a chart, called for lack of a better name "The Odds on Any Draft Pick Making the Team," takes into account draft picks through as many as 20 rounds, as in days of yore, and shows the following:

1st Round 100 to 1 in favor of making the team

Mad Max's NFL Power Ratings

Fridge and Co. are an average of 22 points better than division rivals

Above-Average Teams

1. Bears	119.5
2. Patriots	111.9
3. Jets	107.8
4. Dolphins	106.9
49ers	106.9
6. Raiders	105.6
7. Giants	104.7
8. Packers	104.1
9. Seahawks	103.7
10. Broncos	103.1
11. Rams	103.0
12. Chargers	101.6
13. Bengals	100.9
14. Redskins	99.9

Below-Average Teams

15. Lions	98.6
16. Cowboys	98.3
Colts	98.3
18. Browns	98.2
19. Chiefs	97.6
20. Vikings	97.2
21. Eagles	96.3
22. Steelers	96.1
23. Falcons	92.6
24. Saints	91.6
25. Bills	89.8
26. Buccaneers	89.6
27. Oilers	89.1
28. Cardinals	86.7



2nd Round	10 to 1 in favor of making the team
3rd and 4th Rounds	5 to 1 in favor of making the team
5th through 7th Rounds	5 to 4 in favor of making the team
8th through 10th Rounds	4 to 3 against making the team
11th through 14th Rounds	7 to 3 against making the team
15th Round or lower	3 to 1 against making the team

All right, we reasoned, if we could handicap the NFL draft, why not other things? And so we began, with the help of Mr. Neft and others, to construct charts and graphs, not only for football but for other sports. Why shouldn't we know how many times the favorite has won the Kentucky Derby?

And in so doing, we came up with the idea for a book, "The Sports and Race Book," one that would give the man who likes to make a friendly wager and with but a few quid in his pocket some historical data that might give him a leg up, if you'll excuse the expression. For, we figured, if you want to understand today and be able to pick tomorrow, you had damn well better search out what happened yesterday.

Here, then, for my friends who took Japan in World War II but had seven points, are but some of those football odds from my upcoming book, "The Sports and Race Book."

—BERT RANDOLPH SUGAR

The Odds:

Of the home team winning an NFL game	4 to 3 in favor
Of an NFL team repeating as conference champions	Even
Against a team that runs <i>fewer</i> plays from scrimmage winning	9 to 5
Against a winning team scoring 30 or more points	2 to 1
Against a team that makes <i>fewer</i> first downs winning	12 to 5
Against a team having more passing attempts than rushing plays	12 to 5
Against at least one extra-point try failing	11 to 4
Against an NFL team that gains <i>fewer</i> yards from scrimmage winning	3 to 1
Against an NFL team repeating as Super Bowl champions	3 to 1
Against a team gaining at least 200 net passing yards	7 to 2
Against a losing team scoring 20 or more points	11 to 3
Against an NFL team with more turnovers winning	9 to 2
Against one team not scoring any touchdowns	5 to 1
Against a team gaining at least 200 net rushing yards	5 to 1
Against a team's quarterback(s) not being sacked	6 to 1
Against a pass interception being returned for a TD	7 to 1
Against a fumble recovery being converted into a TD	7 to 1
Against a team gaining at least 400 yards from scrimmage	7 to 1
Against a winning team scoring 40 or more points	11 to 1
Against a team being shut out	11 to 1
Against a safety being scored	14 to 1
Against an NFL game with no interceptions	18 to 1
Against a punt being returned for a TD	20 to 1
Against a team gaining at least 300 net passing yards	28 to 1
Against <i>both</i> teams missing at least one extra-point try	30 to 1
Against an NFL team that scores the fewer TDs winning	32 to 1
Against an NFL team ending the season with no wins	37 to 1
Against <i>both</i> teams gaining at least 400 yards from scrimmage	40 to 1
Against an NFL game going into overtime	45 to 1
Against a kickoff being returned for a touchdown	45 to 1
Against a team gaining at least 500 yards from scrimmage	65 to 1
Against an NFL game with no turnovers	70 to 1
Against the winning team scoring 50 or more points	100 to 1
Against an NFL team going undefeated	117 to 1
Against a team gaining at least 400 net passing yards	185 to 1
Against a team not being penalized	220 to 1
Against an NFL team going undefeated <i>and</i> untied	235 to 1
Against a team not punting during a game	280 to 1

Pro Football RATINGS and Inside Stuff

Total Defensive Efficiency The Top Five

Rank	Team	TDE
1.	Chicago	1.73
2.	L.A. Rams	2.40
3.	New England	2.50
4.	N.Y. Giants	2.54
5.	N.Y. Jets	2.91

Darn it, you peeked didn't you? How else could you have known that the Bears had the best defense in football last year? But did you know that these other defenses ranked 2 through 5? Numbers 1, 3, and 5 in Total Defensive Efficiency were our three top teams of last year. No. 4 in TDE was our No. 7 team overall. The Rams were the only team to look like a "flake," and remember we say that with quotes around it. They were 11th on our power chart, but No. 2 in our TDE; obviously it was defense that was primarily responsible for that 11-5 record in Anaheim.

If we're right about TDE being such an important stat, it should show up in a negative way for teams at the bottom, right? Well, let's check it out. Here are the bottom

five, the five worst defenses in the league by our reckoning:

Total Defensive Efficiency The Bottom Five

Rank	Team	TDE
24.	San Diego	3.91
25.	Tampa Bay	3.98
26.	St. Louis	3.99
27.	Atlanta	4.21
28.	Houston	4.22

Pretty stinkola, huh? You have to go all the way up to No. 20, Miami, to find a good team that did poorly in Total Defensive Efficiency. Of course, that's partially deceiving in the Dolphins' case; their offense scored so many points that opposing offenses had to pass a lot in an attempt to keep up. No doubt this inflated Miami's defensive stats (they were 21st in yards allowed passing). It takes a good offense to atone for a defensive showing like that. Last year's defending champs, the 49ers, had a similar problem, finishing 11th in TDE. In fact, the two defending conference champs showed their biggest decline from '84 in this stat.

In contrast, TDE's offensive counterpart doesn't correlate nearly so well with winning. Here are the top five finishers last year (by the way, as you've probably figured out by now, Total Offensive Efficiency is figured the same way as TDE: You add all the passing and rushing yards gained, subtract the sack yards along with 50 yards for each interception and 40 for each fumble lost, then divide the result by the number of plays). On second thought, let's make it the top seven so we can work Miami and the Giants in:

Total Offensive Efficiency

Rank	Team	TOE
1.	Cincinnati	4.34
2.	N.Y. Jets	4.16
3.	San Francisco	4.14
4.	Chicago	4.09
5.	San Diego	3.85
6.	Miami	3.84
7.	N.Y. Giants	3.69

Now, the teams at the bottom of TOE look as bad as the ones at the bottom of the Total Defensive Efficiency chart, but there's a big



A chance to get away. Americans look forward to those moments. Moments to unwind. Moments to enjoy the things you appreciate in life.

difference: In TDE, the *winning* teams are all grouped near the *top*, while in TOE the good teams are scattered all the way from No. 2 (Jets) to No. 24 (Seahawks), with the Raiders finishing as low as 14th, the AFC champion Patriots 13th, and the NFC West champion L.A. Rams 21st. The Total Offensive Efficiency chart shows two teams—Cincinnati, the TOE champ, and No. 5 finisher San Diego—that finished 7-9 and 8-8, respectively. So, the way the NFL played football in 1985, having a great offense wasn't enough. And don't just take *our* word that the Bengals and Chargers had great offenses: The Chargers led the NFL in yards gained, while the Bengals were fourth.

So, in a nutshell, what we find is this: The two best teams in 1984 were clearly offensive powerhouses (the 49ers and the Dolphins); and in 1985 the big winners, the Bears and the Patriots, were clearly more capable on defense than offense.

We told you a few hundred words ago that we'd explain this phenomenon to you, but the cruel truth is that we've just been stringing you along; we really don't know the

reason. We suspect that the rules changes favoring the defense had more of an effect than is at first apparent from looking at the overall stats. That is, just as the post-1977 pro-offense rules weighted things in favor of the teams *most able to take advantage of them*, so did the 1985 rules. Not everybody was wearing out pass defenses in 1984; the Dolphins and 49ers had the best combination of passer, blockers, and receivers, and thus were able to move far out in front of the pack. Something along those lines may be partly responsible for the Bears' success last year. But in reverse: They had a great defense to begin with, and the new rules on pass coverage worked right into the defensive philosophy Buddy Ryan had been close to perfecting all along. Maybe the '85 Bears were the first exponents of a new-style philosophy of defense that was the inevitable adjustment to the innovations of the '80s. The 1986 results will tell us more about that.

MEANWHILE, THERE ARE A few things we can definitely say about the 1985 season. To begin

with, it taught us more about football statistics than any season we've covered so far. Certain trends and tendencies we've been keeping our eye on for years now come into sharp focus, and to the degree that anything can be said with certainty about the ever-shifting world of pro football, we're ready to make a few positive statements.

For instance, you may think that the Bears' No. 1 finish in yards rushing means that running has a strong correlation with winning in the NFL. *But it doesn't.* Here's some standard stuff, right out of the NFL's 1985 statistics booklet—all 28 teams and their rushing totals:

Yards Rushing		
Rank	Team	Yards
1.	Chicago	2,761
2.	Washington	2,523
3.	Atlanta	2,466
4.	N.Y. Giants	2,451
5.	Indianapolis	2,439
6.	New England	2,331
7.	N.Y. Jets	2,312
8.	Cleveland	2,285

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Rank	Team	Yards
9.	L.A. Raiders	2,262
10.	San Francisco	2,322
11.	Green Bay	2,208
12.	Cincinnati	2,183
13.	Pittsburgh	2,177
14.	L.A. Rams	2,057
15.	St. Louis	1,974
16.	Denver	1,851
17.	Dallas	1,741
18.	Miami	1,729
19.	New Orleans	1,683
20.	San Diego	1,665
21.	Tampa Bay	1,644
22.	Seattle	1,644
23.	Philadelphia	1,630
24.	Buffalo	1,611
25.	Houston	1,570
26.	Detroit	1,538
27.	Minnesota	1,516
28.	Kansas City	1,486

Median: 2,015.5, Mean: 1,999, Standard Deviation: 368.5.

The first thing you notice is that, outside of the Bears, hardly anyone on this list is where you'd expect them to be. It's OK for the Redskins to be No. 2, but what the hell are the Falcons doing at No. 3? Was either Kansas City or Minnesota as bad as their rushing total would indicate? Were the Colts anywhere near as good? Aren't the Raiders, Rams, and Cowboys supposed to have the best running backs in pro football? How could they have finished ninth, 14th, and 17th, respectively?

At this point it may have occurred to you, as it did to us, that yards-per-carry might be a better method of measuring rushing effectiveness than plain total yards. That's the stat Vince Lombardi always put such stock in, right? Let's take a look at yards-per-rush, again courtesy of the 1985 NFL stats book:

Tiptoe Through The Asphalt

So here we are, hypothesizing a nice fall afternoon early enough in the season that cool mornings are still more of a relief than a bore. You and your spousal equivalent have miraculously been given the day off from work. You have also been given a car and a huge hamper of picnic goodies. You are deciding where to go for a picnic. Even in imagination, this is not an easy decision.

We have on the one hand autumn leaves. The sugar maples have started to perform their annual showoff, and an hour or so outside of the city you are promised a scene that will make Cyndi Lauper look like Whistler's Mother. Let us say for the sake of argument that such promises are made not only by the trees but by your present beloved.

You agree that a grassy meadow in foliage central isn't a bad idea, but you have a counterproposal. It's still pretty warm, maybe not enough for swimming, but still shirtsleeve weather, and on a school day in October the beaches are guaranteed to be almost deserted. You could set up your picnic basket, sheltered from the wind, in a hollow in the dunes. You could listen to the waves as you munched a morsel of paté and sipped your wine. You could stroll along the beach, holding hands. It wouldn't have all that red and yellow, but variations on blue ain't so bad. It could be as romantic as a beer commercial.

"I know," you say. "Let's drive to the biggest parking lot we can find and have our picnic there. No leaves, no pounding surf—nothing but acres and acres of asphalt. It'll be perfect."

Faced with such generosity and creativity, does the object of your affections offer to melt into your arms? No. She gazes into your eyes and says: "Are you outta your mind?"

That question is well taken. If God had wanted you to picnic in a parking lot, He would have designed cows that could eat concrete. To me, the very idea of the pregame tailgate picnic is spectacularly wrong-headed.

Naturally, it was invented by Yalies, all of whom had perfectly nice back yards they could eat in, but they at least had a couple of excuses going for them: (1) New Haven is far away from everywhere, and if you leave early enough to get to the game, you're likely to miss lunch, and (2) the games are hardly ever on TV. Neither of these things is true about Hackensack extravaganzas. That this unnecessary ritual has migrated to Sundays and Jersey, I blame the pope.

Back in the days when I was regularly going to Giants games, we went to 12:30 Mass, skipped out immediately after the Consecration, and arrived in time for the kickoff. For refreshment and antifreeze, we carried things that clinked merrily in our overcoat pockets. If we got hungry, we ate hot dogs. This is the way things were meant to be, and you may recall that the Giants actually used to win a football game every now and then. This was a direct function of all that supernatural grace clinging to the fans.

But then somebody in Rome decided that Catholics could fulfill their weekly obligation by dropping in at church on Saturday evening. As a result, thousands of people spend their pregame time developing heartburn instead of spiritual brownie points, and the Giants haven't been in a title game since. The Maras are Knights of Malta or something like that, and I think they should take this matter up with Rome. The present occupant over there is said to be remarkably conservative, and I'm sure he'd go along with their request. Picnics were meant for grass, damn it, not asphalt.

And so, of course, was football.

—VLADIMIR ESTRAGON

Nina's Not Here To Cause No Trouble

MTV's Nina Blackwood—actress, model, musician, and the first person ever to list "videojock" as an occupation on a tax form, has seen as many rock videos as any living human. She hasn't seen quite as many football games: "I'm from Cleveland, and I used to watch the Browns, but I don't have as much time to watch football these days. I did watch the Super Bowl. I thought it was a lot of fun, though some of my friends said it was boring. Maybe *they* watched too much football."

What did she think of the first efforts to link the world of football and rock video? "The first time I saw the Bears' 'Super Bowl Shuffle' video I just rolled my eyes and said, 'Oh, no.'"

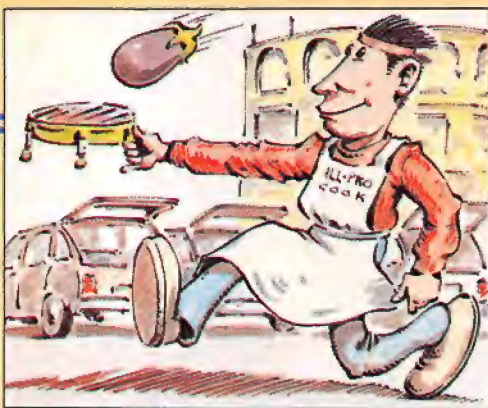
Then I laughed. I said: 'I get it. It's supposed to be funny.' I mean, it *was* supposed to be funny, wasn't it? Maybe I shouldn't have said that. I hope none of those big guys reads this." Don't worry, Nina.

Which video did she like best, the Bears' or Patriots'? "Well, I think the Patriots' was a little funnier, but the Bears kind of stuck in your mind more, 'cause it came out first. Based on what I saw, I thought the Bears would definitely win the Super Bowl." Why? "Because you have to figure that a team that would get out on stage in front of a camera and do that wouldn't be afraid of *anything*."

Does she see a future for the marriage of



'Videos would help team morale.'



Eggplant À la Parking Lot

If you're bent on a tailgate picnic, you'll want to do something that will cause your neighbors to envy you (and to offer you tastes of whatever they have, which is the best thing about these parking lot affairs). That means no hamburgers, hot dogs, etc., but an effort at exotica. Eggplants are, in their way, exotic. And besides, they're shaped a little like footballs. First, cut 'em in half, lengthwise, then score the open surfaces in a crisscross way, being careful not to pierce the skin. Then brush the surfaces heavily with olive oil and plonk them, face down, on the grill. The oil will drip down, there will be flames, and it will all be exciting. When they are brown, but not black (the tricky part—if you haven't practiced this before you actually go on your damn picnic, you may want to have some peanut butter sandwiches in reserve), turn them skin side down and move them to the edge of the grill. Pour about a half-teaspoon of olive oil into each half, and let them cook slowly until the flesh softens (30 to 45 minutes will do nicely), adding more oil whenever they threaten to dry out. And how about some charcoal-broiled veal chops to go with them? After all, like a defense that's been spread out by the sideline routes of wide receivers, you've got all that room in the middle of the grill.

—V.E.

football and video? "Uh, well, on MTV? The novelty may wear off. But I think it would be an interesting idea for each team to make a video before the season starts—you know, show all their best and worst moments, put them to song like Dire Straits did with the sports clips in their "Walk of Life" video. They could all brag about what they were going to do to the other teams, how they were all going to go to the Super Bowl, things like that. It would be great for morale."

Does she think that the punky Que-Bee, and the Fridge have a future in video rock if they leave the NFL? "About the same chance Boy George would have in football."

—A.B.

ILLUSTRATION BY JIM FLYNN

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Marino's Pact: No Sanity Clause?

To get an idea of the complexity of the contracts signed by the modern athlete, let's look at Marion Motley's contract by way of comparison. "I, Marion Motley, hereby agree to play 12 football games for the Cleveland Browns during the fall of 1951 for a lump sum of \$28,000, which will be paid to me by check as soon as I finish signing this contract. Thank you very much."

Now let's take a close look at Dan Marino's contract.

The first year of Marino's multiyear pact has him receiving approximately \$750,000, with a full 55% of that deferred until 1994. His salary in subsequent years will depend upon a multitude of factors. Marino will receive 1.6 times the amount of gross per capita increase per U.S. citizen or 2.2 times the cost-of-living increase as charted by the Fenden-Wyberger Index, whichever is larger. A percentage of these earnings will be spread among mutual funds, certificates of deposit, the money market, U.S. bonds, and a fully certified IRA program set up by a close friend of Steve Garvey's.

As part of his tax-shelter foundation, Marino will own and develop 45% of the Florida Everglades. His agent pushed for 50%, but the Florida legislature negotiated it down. Development in this instance means the usual shopping malls, condos, sports facilities, stores, restaurants, and a possible challenge to Disney World—Dan's Journey of Danger—where tourists travel the undeveloped part of the Everglades in rowboats with only vague maps to guide them. The state of Florida will receive 15% of the profits off the top in return for generous tax breaks. All profits from leather goods manufactured from the virtually untouched alligator market go directly to Marino's corporation, Spiral, Inc. Any lawsuits by families of tourists killed by said alligators will be handled by the Dolphins.

A number of bonus-money situations and penalties have been set up. For every yard over 3,000, Marino will receive \$5.35, every yard over 4,000, \$8.25, every yard over 5,000, \$12.55. For every touchdown over 20 he receives another \$5,000 worth of life insurance. Anything over 30, he and his entire family get free dental care. Should Marino fumble or be intercepted more than 10 times inside the 30-yard line he must return any fillings given to his family within the previous eight-month period under the above dental plan. For every pass over 15 yards completed to his wideouts he receives another piece of silverware until he reaches the full set of 50, after which he will begin receiving luggage.

Besides bonuses, there are clauses. A morals clause states that should Marino be convicted of plant or animal abuse, even in the offseason, the first offense will mean 30 hours of volunteer work at an arboretum or veterinarian's, along with therapy at the club's expense. The second offense means suspension without pay, mandatory three-week treatment, and thubanalysis, where club officials, without warning, may inspect Marino's fingernails and palms for green stains. A third offense means bye-bye. The discipline clause states that "should any Dolphin song-girl miss practice or mess up any of the routines, the brazen wench shall henceforth be sent to Mr. Marino in the trainer's room for flogging of the hindquarters with a birch supplied by management, in front of no less than 7 (seven) teammates of Mr. Marino's choosing."

The Olympic clause absolves the club of any contract obligations should football be included as an Olympic sport in '88 and Marino decides to play and gets hurt. The entertainment clause entitles Marino to a \$10 million interest-free loan to start his own production company, which would develop projects exclusively for him, i.e., guest shots on "Miami Vice," his



Marino: Not liable for gator bites in the Everglades.

own game show to host, an Atlantic City song-and-dance act, various and sundry TV and movie roles, etc. The Tippet-Gastineau-Long subclause provides for a flat \$2 million fee for Marino should any of the above players rearrange his face or body to such an extent that he would not be able to step in front of the cameras without viewers gagging and holding their stomachs. The Dolphins have also taken out a \$600,000 policy with Lloyds of London insuring the waves in Marino's hair.

The actual contract runs 174 pages—these are just the highlights—and we haven't even mentioned the official Marino charity—Fighting Cellulite Buildup—and the fact that Don Shula will have to accompany him on at least six visits to schools to tell kids how he turned a mushy chin into that piece of granite through clean living and the right exercises. Nor have we mentioned the office buildings, spas, and the small town in Wisconsin that Marino was given. I know it seems too much to grasp, hard to believe, but facts are facts, and the fact is, who do you think just signed to co-star with Richard Chamberlain in his next miniseries, "Fran of a Thousand Faces," the amazing story of the rise and fall of the man who created Kukla, Fran, and Ollie?

—JOE DEL PRIORE

Yards Per Carry

Rank	Team	Yards	Rank	Team	Yards
1.	Indianapolis	5.03	15.	Pittsburgh	4.02
2.	St. Louis	4.73	16.	Buffalo	3.91
3.	Green Bay	4.70	17.	New Orleans	3.90
4.	San Francisco	4.68	18.	Miami	3.89
5.	Chicago	4.53	19.	Philadelphia	3.81
6.	Washington	4.42	20.	Tampa Bay	3.79
7.	Atlanta	4.40	21.	San Diego	3.78
8.	Cincinnati	4.34	22.	Dallas	3.77
9.	Cleveland	4.29	23.	Minnesota	3.73
10.	L.A. Raiders	4.25	24.	Denver	3.72
11.	N.Y. Giants	4.22	25.	Houston	3.67
12.	New England	4.13	26.	Seattle	3.56
13.	N.Y. Jets	4.10	27.	Kansas City	3.47
14.	L.A. Rams	4.09	28.	Detroit	3.40

Median: 4.06, Mean: 4.08, Standard Deviation: 0.41.

Now, if anything, this looks even whackier. Obviously the Bears and 49ers are great teams with great running backs, so you'd expect them to have a high yards-per-rush average. But the Colts?? And St. Louis? If rushing is so important, *how could the worst team on our power chart show up first in this stat?*

Well, we have some simple answers for you. That is, they will be simple after we clear some things up. Give us a couple of minutes and we promise to come right back to this point, but first allow us to present you with three axioms that are the result of years of analyzing football statistics. Consider them as general principles rather than as

laws and you'll get more out of these stats:

(1) A yard is *always* three feet long, but all yards are *not* created equal. Rushing yards are approximately twice as valuable as passing yards.

(2) The above fact is essential to college football but really doesn't mean that much in the pros, because you can't win in the NFL with just rushing, or even win as much as you can with just passing.

(3) Even if you can't run, you should do it anyway now and then, because even if you can pass very well and you can't run at all, you can't win by just passing and totally giving up the run.

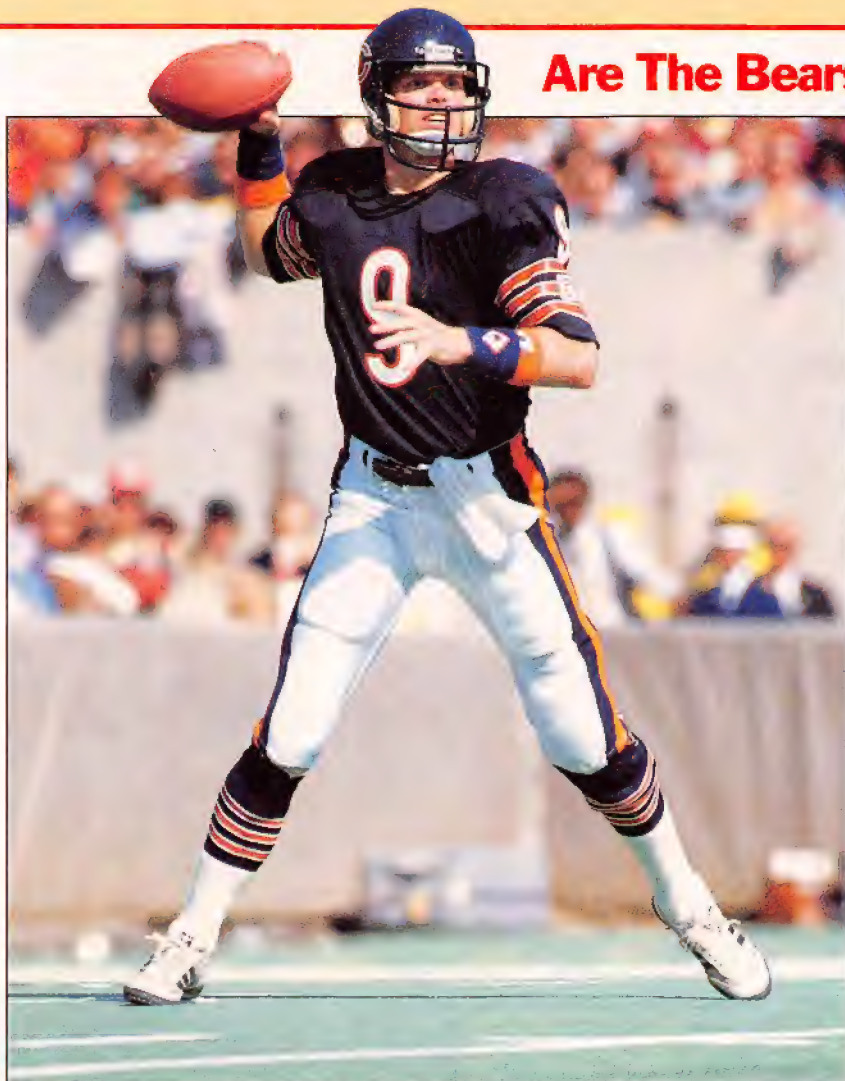
There, now, that certainly cleared up all that confusion, didn't it? Aren't you ready to sit down and enjoy a pro football game because you now understand the basic . . . What? You *still* don't get it? Good grief, are

we going to have to explain this in detail? Ah, well, here goes:

If you pass for 400 yards in football, it's no guarantee of success; losing teams do it all the time. If you could rush for 200 yards, you'd probably win almost all your games; if you rushed for 250 yards, you'd never lose. But you can't rush regularly for 200 yards in the NFL because defenses are too good. In college the majority of good players are on offense, and a good college team may go most of the season without meeting a defense capable of shutting down its running game. A running back who gets 6 to 6½ yards a crack will be lucky to make 4 in the pros.

The best way to win in college ball is to go out and ram the ball down the other team's throat. But you can't do that in pro ball. In modern NFL history only four teams have

led in rushing *and* scoring in the same year: the 1961, '62 Packers, the '73 Dolphins, and the '75 Bills. And the '75 Bills were a bad team. Contrast this with the overwhelming majority of good college teams who, despite the nonsense about this being the age of passing, finish at or near the top of rushing stats every year. In pro ball, running is as much as and perhaps more a defensive weapon than offensive: It helps you to protect a lead your passing and defense have already given you. If your defense is constantly putting you in a hole, you can't catch up using an offense based primarily on rushing. That's the main reason that Indianapolis and St. Louis had the highest yards per rush in the league last year: Their opponents usually had a substantial lead on them by halftime and were downfield looking for the pass in the third and fourth quarters. They



Are The Bears The Best Ever?

Actually, that headline is just to get your attention. The truth is that we can't really tell you the 10 best NFL teams since 1970, but we can give you the 10 teams with the highest power ratings *relative to their league* since then.

Highest Power Ratings Since 1970

Team	Year	W-L	Rating
Chicago	1985	15-1	119.48
Pittsburgh	1976	10-4	116.07
Miami	1973	12-2	115.16
Pittsburgh	1975	12-2	114.43
San Francisco	1984	15-1	114.34
Washington	1983	14-2	114.33
Dallas	1978	12-4	114.09
Pittsburgh	1978	14-2	113.71
N.Y. Jets	1982	6-3	113.71
Detroit	1970	10-4	113.68

Note that the sixth and seventh teams were Super Bowl losers, while the ninth and 10th teams never even made it there—even though they were probably better than the teams that won that year. This doesn't mean that the 1985 Bears were "better" than the 1975 Steelers—only that they dominated the league to a greater degree that season. But it does suggest that the '76 Steelers and the '82 Jets were the best teams never to go to the big one, that the '83 Redskins have a right to be remembered for their great season and not for the Super Bowl debacle against the Raiders, and that the 1979 Super Bowl between Dallas and Pittsburgh was probably the best matchup of all time.

And who were the '70 Detroit Lions?

—A.B. and G.I.

No team has dominated the NFL like McMahon's '85 Bears.



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av. per cigarette, FTC Report Feb '85

A dramatic, high-contrast photograph of a cowboy herding a group of horses through a river. The scene is bathed in warm, golden light, likely from a low sun, creating a silhouette effect on the horses and the cowboy. The water is splashing around the horses' legs. The overall mood is rugged and adventurous.

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Pro Football RATINGS and Inside Stuff

were *happy* to have the Colts and Cards run the ball for four and five yards; it ran the clock down and helped protect their lead.

Running the ball is useless if your defense can't keep the score within range. And rushing can help you keep a lead once you get it. But to get that lead you need to throw—or at least to be able to consistently run and throw from good field position, since scoring in pro football has as much to do with *where* you get the ball as it does with how good your offense is. (San Diego finished first in points scored last year with 467 because they could move the ball; the Bears, who gained nearly 800 fewer yards, were

second in scoring with 456 primarily because their defense almost always set them up in good field position.)

But you also can't win by passing all the time either. You'd think people who follow football would know that by now, but there are still those who have watched football games for years who are astonished to find this out. Every year, because of their great passing attack, the San Diego Chargers are listed by many as the team to beat. And every year, it seems, that's exactly what everyone else does. There's no hard evidence that this isn't largely because of the Charger defense, but think about it for a

moment: What help does the San Diego defense get from its offense?

The Chargers passed for 5,175 yards last season, nearly 900 more than the Dolphins. That's an average of 323 a game, pretty impressive no matter how you look at it. But how much did they really net when you add up all the costs? First of all, the Chargers allowed 39 sacks for 305 yards in losses (not a lot, actually, considering that they threw more than anyone else, and well below the league average). That brings their net yards down to 4,870, or just under 305 yards a game. Then, of course, there were the interceptions, all 30 of them, more than any other team in the NFL. Remember, we figure that the value of an interception is 50 yards, and if we're right, then San Diego has netted only about 3,370 yards passing, or about 210 a game. And this doesn't even begin to figure in the number of holding calls those passes earned them—figures that, much to our irritation, the NFL refuses to divulge. (Official reason given: "We don't want certain teams to get reputations as dirty players or cheap-shot artists." Right. God forbid that the Bears or Raiders should get reputations as roughnecks.)

When you look at it from this perspective, the Chargers' passing game comes down to Earth a bit. From a league-leading 8.2 yards a pass, they drop all the way to No. 5 on our Adjusted Yards Per Pass chart. If you're curious, here are the top six in that category (remember, this is passing yards minus sack yards and 50 yards for each interception; you divide the result by the number of passes attempted):

1985 Adjusted Yards Per Pass, Offense

Rank	Team	Yards
1.	N.Y. Jets	5.71
2.	Cincinnati	5.49
3.	Miami	5.15
4.	San Francisco	5.05
5.	San Diego	5.02
6.	Chicago	4.79

Now, you could argue, probably with some validity, that the Chargers' passing offense was better than that; after all, Fouts' louts put points on the board, more than any other team in the NFL. True. We don't take issue with that. But what a lot of people don't seem to understand is that the price they paid to get those passing yards and those points didn't leave them with much of a profit, if any. There were two great passing machines involved in every game San Diego played last year, the Chargers' and the offense that



The Cards never expected to see 1985 from the NFL's floor.

Recalling 10 Nightmarish Years

People often ask us what the difference between humans and computers is. That's a complicated question, but in running a quick comparison between Max and ourselves, it comes down to this: Our fantasies involve Jessica Lange and weekends in Big Sur, while Max's involve a game between the 1976 Tampa Bay Buccaneers and the 1981 Baltimore Colts to determine which was the worst pro football team of all time. It may actually be possible to play such a game via computer; here's hoping that by this time next year, both Max's fantasies and ours will be fulfilled.

Lowest Power Ratings Since 1970

Team	Year	W-L	Rating
Tampa Bay	1976	0-14	80.65
Baltimore	1981	2-14	81.99
New England	1972	3-11	82.34
Seattle	1976	2-12	83.51
Houston	1973	1-13	84.36
Boston	1970	2-12	84.46
New Orleans	1975	2-12	84.70
N.Y. Jets	1976	3-11	86.08
San Diego	1973	2-11-1	86.33
St. Louis	1985	4-12	86.67

—A.B. and G.I.

played against them. The Chargers were dead last in yards allowed passing last year, and on our Adjusted-Yards-Per-Pass Defense they were 23rd. Here are the bottom six:

Adjusted Yards Per Pass, Defense

Rank	Team	Yards
23.	San Diego	4.71
24.	St. Louis	4.77
25.	Cincinnati	4.86
26.	Indianapolis	4.92
27.	Tampa Bay	5.14
28.	Houston	5.15

So: They *get*, after adjustments, a shade over five yards per attempt. They *give up*, after adjustments, a shade over 4.7. And there really are San Diego Charger fans who seem puzzled when the team goes 8-8 every year.

But, you reply, that's not the fault of the offense; with the defense of the Bears, the Chargers would have been unbeatable. Disregarding the fact that the Bears defense could have taken an offense as mediocre as Cleveland's all the way, what fans don't seem to understand is that however good the

Baseball/Football Trivia Test

Who are the only three men to play in both the majors and in the National Football League for two consecutive years?

While it might offend our residual memory, there was once a time when the baseball and football seasons had a distinct line of demarcation. In those days of yore, it was possible for an all-around athlete to participate in both. There have been 43 men who have played in both the majors and the National Football League. Of those, only three played two successive years in *both* professional leagues. One was Ernie Nevers, one of football's all-time greats. Appearing as a pitcher in just 44 games for the St. Louis Browns in 1926, 1927, and 1928, Nevers posted a record of 6-12; his greatest achievement was a negative—giving up Babe Ruth's eighth and 41st home runs in his record-breaking year of 1927. Nevers was far more successful in the NFL, where, playing for the Duluth Eskimos in 1926 (and 1927 and 1928 as well), he set the all-time professional scoring record, 40 points in one game.

The other two members of this exclusive

triumvirate are: Everett (Pid) Purdy, who played the outfield for the 1926 Chicago White Sox and the 1927 Cincinnati Reds while moonlighting as a blocking back for the Green Bay Packers both years; and Clarence (Ace) Parker, who played shortstop for the Philadelphia A's in 1937 and 1938 and running back for the football Brooklyn Dodgers both years. *Who is the only major-leaguer to play in a Super Bowl?*

The only major league baseball player to play in a Super Bowl was Tommy Brown, who had come directly to the Washington Senators in 1963 from the University of Maryland, where he had starred in both football and baseball. But after one anemic year with the Senators—a year in which he batted .147 with just five extra base hits scattered among his 17 total hits—Brown, as jubilant as a martyr saved at the stake, jumped to the Green Bay Packers. There, as a member of their defensive backfield, he played on two winning Super Bowl teams in Super Bowls I and II.

—B.R.S.

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10 Easy Steps To Becoming Phil Simms

1. Attend a college that has never produced an NFL star.
2. Achieve a rep as a "sleeper" and impress coaches of terrible teams at private workouts.
3. Become the first pick of a New York team so fans at the draft can scream "Who??" after the Commissioner announces your name. Then tease those fans by winning six games as a rookie before getting hurt.
4. Go from a sensational sophomore to a jinxed one in the same season by missing the last five games with an injury so your team can go 4-12.
5. Develop a rep for being "injury-prone" by getting hurt again during your comeback so an unknown QB with less talent can take your team to the playoffs.
6. Become embroiled in a "Who's Going To Start?" controversy, then end the controversy by sticking a knee in Joe Klecko's path during an exhibition game.
7. When you get a chance to win your job back early the next season, immediately smack your throwing hand against a lineman's helmet so you can miss yet another season.
8. Color your hair a translucent blond so people will think there's more air in your head than in a football.



As Phil Simms, you'll have to learn to pass from your knees.

9. When you do finally win the starting job, make sure the front office fails to supply you with an All-Pro receiver.
10. Even when you prove you're one of the NFL's best QBs, make an occasional mis-

take on national TV, such as throwing an interception, so that opposing defensive backs can claim you "can't win the big games."

—S.H.

Bears defense would be playing with the Chargers offense, it sure as hell wouldn't look like the Bears defense looked last year. For one thing, it would have been on the field much longer, which means it would have been more tired late in the game; the Chargers' passing attack doesn't eat up the clock the way the Bears' rushing attack does. Simply stated, no matter how awesome or how dominating the Bears defense was last year, if it played alongside the Chargers offense, it would give up more yards and more points than it did playing alongside the Chicago offense. And—and this is a major point—the 30 interceptions the Chargers threw would have put the Bears defense in a position where its back would be against the wall a couple of times a game. (The primary virtue of the Bears' good-but-not-great offense last year was that it didn't turn the ball over.) So *even by allowing the same number of yards, the Bears defense would have given up more points* if it played alongside the Chargers offense.

So, that's why we assign a value in yards to interceptions. Yards eventually turn into points, either in lost opportunities for the offense or in incoming pressure on the defense. You noted a while back that the Jets led the NFL in our Adjusted Yards Per Pass, and this despite allowing an amazing 62 sacks. But they threw the remarkably low total of only 8 interceptions all year, and since they were second to San Diego in plain yards per pass, the combination of high gains and low interception rate was enough to give the Jets the *most efficient*—hell, let's say it—the *best* passing attack in the NFL last year. This is a fact that was overlooked by most of the New York press as they continued to flog the Jets for not drafting Dan Marino over Ken O'Brien four years ago. But the fact is that, last year at least, the Jets had the better passing game, one that not only gained yards in bunches but which didn't put its defense in the hole with interceptions. There were a number of reasons for the Jets' dramatic improvement last year, but the

biggest one was the efficiency of the passing game under Ken O'Brien. Conversely, the nosedive taken by the Cardinals—the worst team in the league, according to Max—can be largely explained by their drop from third to 14th in this stat.

If it had been 1984, the Jets might have gone all the way, or at least won the AFC. But last year it was Adjusted Yards Per Pass, *Defense* that correlated best with winning. Now, you may wonder why we don't simply go by yards allowed passing, and we're glad you asked, because it gives us a chance to illustrate how meaningless that stat is without adjustments.

Top 10 in Fewest Yards Allowed Passing Last Year:

Rank	Team	Yards
1.	Pittsburgh	3,088
2.	Washington	3,124
3.	Detroit	3,242
4.	St. Louis	3,257
5.	Philadelphia	3,289

Rank	Team	Yards
6.	Chicago	3,299
7.	Buffalo	3,301
8.	N.Y. Giants	3,377
9.	New England	3,393
10.	Cleveland	3,460

You don't have to look at this list for long before you realize that it doesn't tell you a damn thing. Did St. Louis and Philadelphia and Buffalo really have a pass defense as good as the Bears? A peewee-leaguer could tell you that the reason the Cardinals and Bills allowed such a low total of passing yards is because other teams got an early lead on them and spent a large portion of the game running the ball (the Cardinals were 24th in yards allowed rushing, the Bills 26th). And if you're still not convinced that those yardage totals don't reflect the weakness of the Cards and Bills' pass defenses, consider that St. Louis allowed 34 touchdown passes, the most in the league, while the Bills gave up 24.

Ah, but when you subtract the sack yardage and figure in the value of the fumble recoveries and interceptions, the result looks more like the NFL you saw on TV last year. Earlier we gave you the worst teams in Adjusted-Yards-Per-Pass, Defense. Here are the 10 best. Compare this list with simple yards allowed passing and see which one correlates best with winning last year.

Adjusted Yards Per Pass, Defense

Rank	Team	Yards
1.	Chicago	1.90
2.	L.A. Rams	2.67
3.	N.Y. Giants	2.72
4.	Washington	3.09
5.	New England	3.31
6.	Denver	3.38
7.	Pittsburgh	3.43
8.	Dallas	3.45
9.	Kansas City	3.49
10.	L.A. Raiders	3.73

WELL, BASICALLY, THAT'S how we and Max spent our summer vacation, compiling all this stuff so fall could be a more meaningful time for you. And though you won't have the assistance of Max this autumn, he's provided you with several methods you can use in your own home, methods that will keep you on top of the season much better than the stats the NFL gives out every week.

And he's come to the end of our '85 survey with basically the same conclusions as the '84 survey: Whatever else the stats seem to

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suggest, the best teams are the best primarily because they can pass well without throwing a lot of interceptions, and the bad teams are bad primarily because they can't stop their opponents from passing at will. "Never in NFL history," we wrote last year, "has the gap between best and worst been so great." Well, it got even bigger last year. If this trend continues, the obvious Super Bowl winner should emerge by the seventh or eighth game of the season.

If you look at the rating column and then consider the teams' won-lost records, you may come to the conclusion that Max is a

little mixed up. The Packers as good as the Giants? Seattle, with their 8-8 record, as good as Denver at 11-5? Dallas a shade below *Detroit*? (And the Cowboys No. 16 in the league, virtually tied with Indianapolis??)

Well, Max isn't mad, but he is a little angry. He wants to know why some teams get schedules as easy as the N.Y. Giants, while some get schedules like Tampa Bay's—or Green Bay's (see Schedule Toughness box). Max isn't impressed when a team is, say, five points better than Team B, has a solid home-field advantage of three points, and wins by one point. Max also isn't

impressed when Team A, a powerhouse, slaughters Team B, a certifiable dog, by 40 points: He has a built-in damping effect that "collapses" scores beyond a certain point. No, Max isn't mad.

But he also isn't the final word in this sort of thing, as he'd be the first to admit. That is, we trust his ratings completely, as far as they go. But personally we think he gives teams like Cincinnati a little too much credit for scoring a lot when they *do* win, damping effect or no, and teams like Philadelphia too little credit for their consistency in staying close to as many opponents as they did during the season; subjectively, we think the Eagles were clearly a better team than the Vikings or Chiefs. And we'd still take the Cowboys over the Lions on any neutral field.

Appearance vs. Reality in the NFL

Appearance: The L.A. Rams' rushing attack, led by Eric Dickerson, makes up for a lame passing attack.

Reality: The Rams' rushing attack was mediocre, with or without Eric Dickerson. The Rams as a team rushed for only 26.7 more yards per game than the league average and actually averaged one-tenth of a yard less per carry than the NFL average. Dickerson averaged only one-tenth of a yard *more* per try than the rest of the Ram runners. Brock, on the other hand, was the eighth-rated quarterback in the league by the NFL's method, and the Rams clearly bettered the league's averages in the two most significant pure stats, yards per pass and interception rate. The Rams were 14th in the NFL in both total yards rushing and yards per carry; by our method of Adjusted Yards Per Pass, which subtracts the sack yardage and puts a value on interceptions, they were 12th in passing. Brock was maligned for only throwing 16 TD passes last year, but the decision not to throw more was coach John Robinson's, not his. The Rams' passing attack was clearly more efficient than that of the Broncos, Raiders, or Seahawks, and only slightly less effective than that of the Patriots and Cowboys, despite the fact that the Rams' line allowed more sacks than any of those teams.

Appearance: Rushing helps make the passing game work better.

Reality: There is no statistical basis whatever for this claim. Some of the NFL leaders in yards rushing and yards per carry—the Bears, the 49ers, the Giants—also had fine passing games. Others—the Colts, the Cardinals, the Redskins—did not. The three teams in the NFL that rushed for an average of 4.7 yards or better—the Colts, Cards, and Packers—were 25th, 14th, and 23rd, respectively, in our Passing Efficiency rating.

Appearance: The passing game opens the defense up for the running game.

Reality: Thirteen of the 28 NFL teams averaged better than seven yards a pass last year; only four of them did better than the league's 4.1 yards per rush average. Three others rushed for exactly the same as the league. The only two teams in the NFL that averaged more than eight yards a pass—San Diego and the Jets—had a combined yards per rush *lower* than the NFL average.

Appearance: Miami is one of the premier defensive teams in the NFL.

Reality: The Dolphins' Killer B's are losing their sting: They were 22nd in yards allowed, 23rd in yards allowed rushing, 21st in yards allowed passing, 21st in sacks, and 20th in overall Defensive Efficiency. A case could be made that the Lions, Eagles, Chiefs, and even the Bills had better defenses last year.

Appearance: Denver and Seattle had strong passing games last year, accounting for 49 TDs through the air between them.

Reality: Neither the Broncos nor the Seahawks, though they were second and sixth, respectively, in the number of passes thrown, had an effective passing attack. Often they seemed to be passing only because they couldn't run. (Denver's yards per carry average was 3.7, the Seahawks' 3.6, two of the lowest averages in the league. Dave Krieg's 27 TD passes helped to disguise the fact that the Seahawks couldn't get the ball into the endzone rushing; they had only nine TDs on the ground last year, lowest total in the AFC.)

Appearance: The Raiders' Ray Guy had an off year, punting for an average of only 40.8 yards a boot; 21 NFL punters kicked for a higher average.

Reality: Guy's *net* average of 36.3 was the sixth highest in the NFL and the highest in the AFC. And only one other kicker—Buffalo's John Kidd—dropped more kicks inside an opponent's 20-yard line.

—A.B.

Mad Max II: The Road Warriors

The New England Patriots won the AFC East last year *despite having a home-field advantage of less than one point a game*. Amazingly, this didn't show in the won-lost column: The Pats were 7-1 at home, 4-4 on the road. But what the won-lost record doesn't show is that the Pats played some damn tough road games: the Bears, Jets, Seahawks, and Dolphins. Then, in post-season play, they proceeded to whip the Jets, Dolphins, and Raiders—three teams all better in our power ratings than either the Giants or Rams, the Bears' opponents in the playoffs—with *all victories coming on the road*.

Max hereby awards the Patriots the official Road Warriors title for the 1985 season.

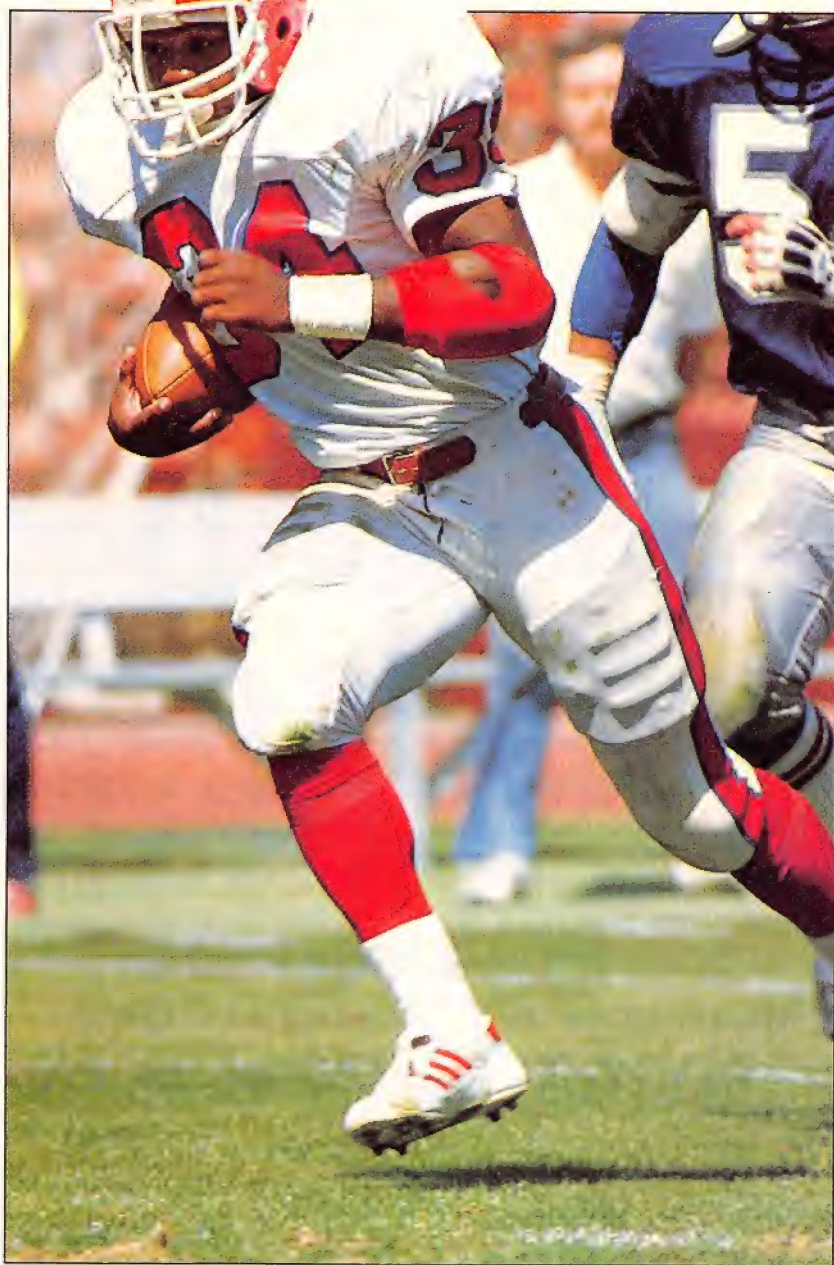
Mad Max III: Beyond Silverdome

At home last season, the Detroit Lions were almost on a level with the Chicago Bears. But beyond the Silverdome, they were the Tampa Bay Bucs.

In Week 2 they beat Dallas at Detroit; in Week 7 they beat the defending Super Bowl champions 49ers at Detroit; in Week 8 they beat the defending AFC champ Dolphins at Detroit; in Week 13 they beat the AFC's second best team last year, the Jets, at Detroit; and in Week 15 they lost to the No. 8 team in our power rankings, the Packers, by just three. But on the road, they lost to Indianapolis, to Green Bay by 33 points, to the Redskins by 21, to the Vikings, to the Bears by 21, to Tampa Bay, and to New England by 17. For the Lions in '85, the Silverdome was the Thunderdome; anywhere else it was the Blunderdome. ■

The USFL's 10 Contributions To American History

1. Football in the spring, which, God knows, is what America needs.
2. A New Jersey football team with the guts to admit it.
3. "Instant credibility." The USFL has proved that, like virtually everything else in American life these days, credibility simply means recognition by *USA Today*, *People* magazine, and network TV.
4. An open season on college athletes. For the last quarter-century or so the NFL has been able to cloak its part in the exploitation of the college athlete by not drafting football players until after they had hung around a college campus for at least four years. Refreshingly, and with shocking swiftness, the USFL has changed all that: Through its ruthless pursuit of Herschel Walker and Marcus Dupree, the USFL has proved that the real question is not "Should these young men be playing professional football?" but "What were they doing in college to begin with?"
5. The acceleration of the inevitable class war in professional football. Though neither the media nor the NFL owners recognized it, the principal reason for the NFL players strike two years ago was the smoldering resentment by the guys down in the trenches at the huge gap between their salaries and those of the relative handful of glamour boys they tackle and block for. By doling out ridiculous sums of money for a few big-name backs, Donald Trump and his fellow billionaires have increased the gap, and thus all but assured pro football a costly and destructive class war sometime in the next few years.
6. A conflict with baseball. Arguments as to whether baseball or football is the national pastime have been groundless up to now, because the two sports are mostly seasonal and only briefly in direct competition. By scheduling their games during late winter and spring—a move, one suspects, designed to avoid not so much competition as comparison with the NFL—the USFL augmented the first genuine competition between the two sports.
7. The concept of "instant franchise." The illegitimate child of television and "instant credibility," the instant franchise exists for no other reason than to provide a foil for teams in bigger TV markets. Fostered by heartless hucksters in cities such as



The USFL pursued Herschel Walker with shocking swiftness.

- Birmingham, Memphis, and San Antonio (where resentment over big neighbors with longtime big-league sports franchises is long-standing), the instant franchise inevitably leaves local fans feeling angry and betrayed; but judging from the history of the World Football League, none the wiser.
8. Employment for scores of players and coaches who couldn't make the NFL, thus giving impetus to the movement toward mediocrity in pro football, which the NFL began several years ago with the parity scheduling.
9. A second chance for cheerleaders who thought that at age 32 life had passed them by.
10. Employment for scores of sports writers who might otherwise have nothing to do between the football and baseball seasons. Best symbolized by a *USA Today* cover story in which it was revealed that 58% of sports fans polled didn't care about the USFL—leaving readers to question, perhaps, why *USA Today* did care enough to put a USFL story on its front page. Symbolized also by *this* story.

—A.B.

College Football Ratings and Inside Stuff

We'd sooner pick Michigan than Oklahoma as 1985's national champ

By Allen Barra and George Ignatin

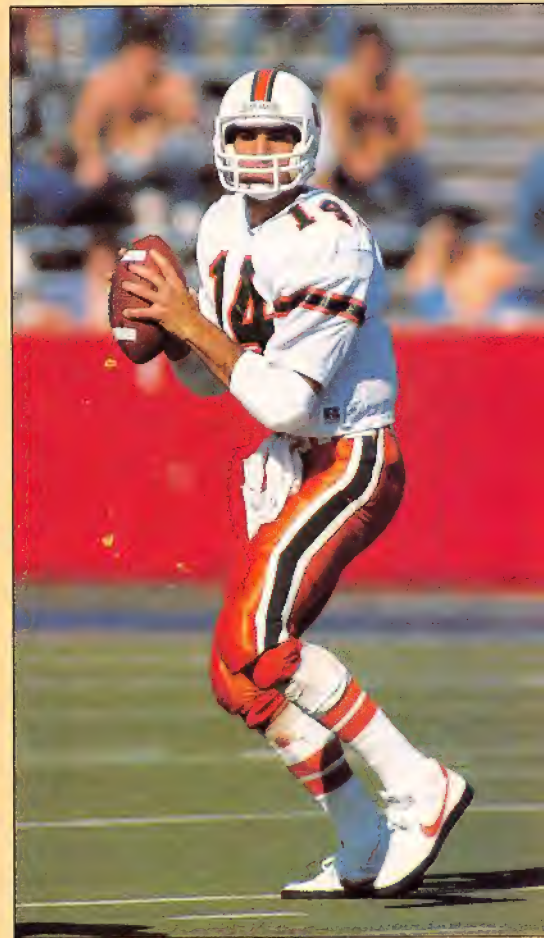
THERE WERE 113 SCHOOLS that played what we regarded as major college schedules in 1985. We're not going by the NCAA's definition of Division I-A; we're just saying that these schools played enough major college games to make our list. Actually, we made our computations for 165 schools because of the linkages involved; not all of them played a substantial number of major opponents, but they played opponents who did, and their inclusion helps make the system more complete. Last year we figured in 123. That doesn't mean last year's results weren't good, it just means that this year's are better. New and improved, as it were, like the detergent on your supermarket shelf.

So, when you see that Florida had the highest ranking in 1984 at 122.5, and Michigan led last year at 134.7, it doesn't mean

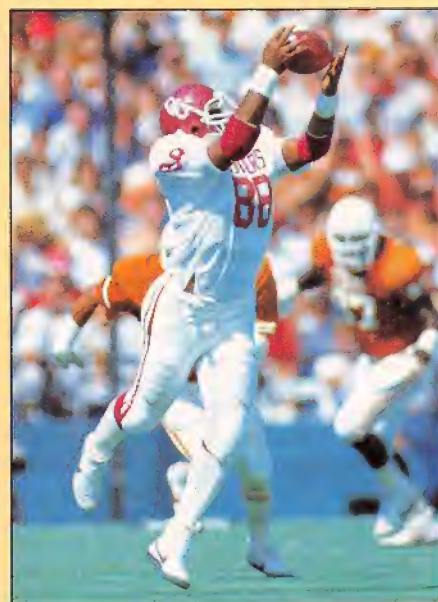
that Michigan was 12.2 points better than Florida. We use 100 as the level for an average team, and Florida's 1984 ranking means they were 22½ points better than the average of all the teams we computed that year. The average team in 1984 was Texas Tech, which placed 61st on our list; last year, because of the increased number of teams, the average team was William & Mary, at No. 83. (We don't mean this as a knock on William & Mary, but wouldn't you expect the average team in the nation to be better than, you know, *William & Mary*?)

Are we saying Michigan was robbed of a national title by the wire-service polls? Not really. No matter how carefully we figure it, the difference between Michigan and Oklahoma is no more than 1.5 points. That's not enough of a difference to make a case over—certainly not compared to the better than





Michigan's Morris [left], Miami's Testaverde, and Oklahoma's Jackson were all national championship point men last season, and this year will again lead the troops.



Back To The Future Fight Songs

Here's the story outline for a Steven Spielberg film on college football: A Notre Dame freshman, Michael Shea, lies in bed in a coma (gassed out in his chemistry lab), and is fading fast; he clasps his father's hand (Dad is an assistant chemistry prof). His last request is that the Fighting Irish—down 37-2 at the half to Northwestern—come back in the second half to avoid their 42nd losing season in 45 years. His father stares out the window at the playing field—the sounds of the Notre Dame fight song, Schubert's "Ave Maria," roll gently over the campus. The father pounds his fist on the window sill and says, "I'd sell my soul to play football." A ghostly voice replies, "Not necessary." Knute Rockne suddenly appears in the room! He asks the father to let him take the boy back to 1925, for his sake and the sake of Notre Dame football. How can the father refuse?

The kid meets the Rev. Michael J. Shea, his grandfather, who is distraught over his failure to make the football team and is also thinking of giving up his other career choice, songwriting. In an inspiring all-night session Michael I convinces Michael III that he can make a real contribution to the team. After several false starts—"Implore, implore for old Notre Dame"—is quickly rejected—they finally come up with a song we all know. In fact, we all either love it or hate it. Young Mike returns to the present in time to see his dad, now the musical director of the Notre Dame band, lead the crowd in a rousing rendition of a Notre Dame victory march as the Irish slaughter hapless Northwestern, 73-2. A thought comes to Michael as he leaves the stadium. What if Knute Rockne's ghost could take him back to meet the young Gerry Faust and convince him to take up social work instead of football?

The best thing about such a flick is that it can finish with a number of endings, including Georgia Tech's "Rambling Wreck from Georgia Tech" (we wonder how many cut players can truthfully say that they're a "hell of a, hell of a, hell of a, hell of an engineer"); Texas students weeping to "The Eyes of Texas"; and the University of Alabama pulling out another last-second victory as the Million Dollar Band blares "Yea, Alabama." We can even have the young Cole Porter sitting down to compose his "Bulldog, Bulldog," for the Yale football team.

Sadly, there are some schools that even Steve Spielberg and Cole Porter couldn't help. How about Iowa's "The Corn Song"? Give us a break. The word corn should never be used in the title of anything; even Stephen King's only dull book, "Children of the Corn," flopped with it. The All-American loser, though, has got to be Cornell's "Far Above Cayuga's Waters." This isn't a fight song, it's a funeral dirge. It is

more appropriate to play it after one of Cornell's games than during. With apologies, we'd like to suggest something more, you know, up to the minute. We call it the Big Red Rap:

*We're the Poison Ivy League school,
And we're dancing to that beat,
Walking on Cayuga's Waters
In Ed Marinaro's Italian-leather cleats*

Refrain:

Say touchdown—touchdown!

Say Cornell—Cornell!

Say Ca-yuuga—Ca-yuuga!

We'll beat the Bulldogs through the air,

We'll stomp the Crimson into the ground,

We'll turn preppies and yuppies into

Whipped little puppies,

In Cayuga's waters they'll drown.

Repeat Refrain: (Add sound of phonograph needle scratching on vinyl.)

We don't worry

If we fall behind,

We got the IQs

And there's plenty of time.

If you think you got us,

Got us beat,

We step into Ed's Italian football cleats.

Some songs we like:

Ohio State ("Across the Field")—A good up-tempo fight song; makes you want to march, which is why Woody Hayes liked it.

Iowa ("The Iowa Fight Song")—Not to be confused with the "Iowa Corn Song." This gem was written by Meredith Wilson. If you can't get Cole Porter, that's not bad.

Northwestern ("Go, U, Northwestern")—Granted it hasn't helped the program much, but Custer had a great fight song and it didn't do him much good either.

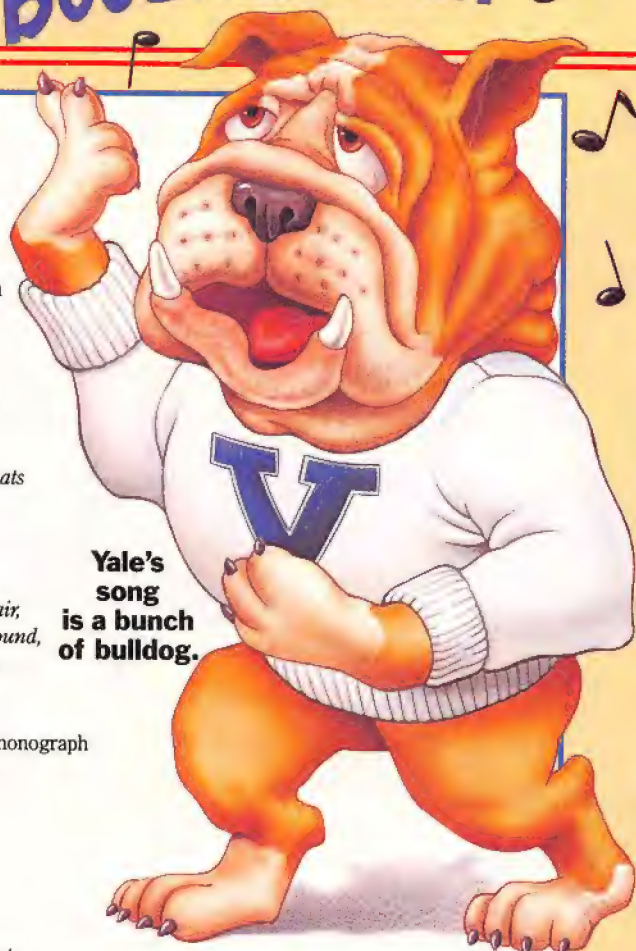
Wyoming ("Ragtime Cowboy Joe")—The next best thing to a fight song that makes you want to kick ass is one that makes everyone laugh.

Texas ("The Eyes of Texas")—Willie Morris, an old tea-sip who has never been known to touch tea, tells us that UT fans regard this song as worth three points in any close game. We asked MAX, and he computes the home-song advantage at 3.4.

Alabama ("Yea, Alabama")—The only genuine Dixieland fight song of any school in Dixie. Did the Crimson Tide steal it from the Green Wave?

Georgia Tech ("Rambling Wreck from Georgia Tech")—Obviously a great song, but there's a real mystery here: How did Tech come up with a fight song more Irish than Notre Dame's?

Yale's song is a bunch of bulldog.



Notre Dame ("The Notre Dame Victory March")—The one college fight song that they know in places where there isn't any college football. The king, even if they did steal it from St. Mary's High School in Perth Amboy, N.J.

Some songs we don't like:

Georgia ("Glory, Glory Hallelujah")—A great tune for a civil rights rally, or a revival meeting, but not for a football game. How did the "Battle Hymn of the Republic" wind up as the anthem for Scarlett O'Hara's alma mater?

Tulane ("The Olive and the Blue")—Don't you think a school in New Orleans could come up with a fight song that swings better than "Meet the Flintstones"?

Stanford ("The Cardinal Is Waving")—Waving at what? And why do these guys keep changing their names from Cardinals to Indians every few years?

Auburn ("War Eagle")—More stops and starts than a taxi ride down Madison Avenue during rush hour. Sounds like it was written by a committee.

St. Mary's College ("Fight Song")—"We'll show St. Mary's spirit through and through." Is that calculated to throw a scare into opponents? Who'd she ever tackle?

—JESUS DIAZ and
SEBASTIAN DANGERFIELD

seven-point difference between BYU and Florida and Nebraska last year. Still, it's disappointing that none of the major polls or surveys championed Michigan's cause. Their schedule was considerably tougher than Oklahoma's—their average opponent was a full touchdown a game tougher—and the effect this has on a team's power rating can only be imperfectly measured. It's tough to consistently reach peak performance when you're being physically battered by good teams week after week.

As for everyone else, they were never really in the race for No. 1. The five points separating No. 2 Oklahoma and No. 3 Tennessee is unusually high, and the gap of 10½ points separating No. 10 Penn State from Michigan is more than a field goal wider than the gap between last year's No. 10, BYU, and Florida State. Taking into account their high level of performance against truly competitive opposition, last year's Michigan Wolverines were arguably the finest team the Big 10 has produced in the era of two-

platoon football. And the degree of improvement from '84 to '85 was remarkable. In our book—and this is our book—Michigan was the national champion of college football in 1985.

WHY DO WE GO BY POWER rating rather than plain won-lost records? Because if, say, Oklahoma is entertaining Ole Miss and the Rebels lose by a point, it says more about SEC strength than it does for the Big 8. The SEC

Football's Best Rivalry? Easy, Alabama-Auburn

A fact not widely known is that there are only two types of people in this world: those who know that the Alabama-Auburn game is the greatest rivalry in the history of college football and those who don't.

Those who are aware of this fact can further be divided into the ones who know Alabama is the greatest team in the history of college football and the ones who are just a step ahead of being damn fools.

Auburn won the first meeting of these two teams in 1892, 32-22. To date, they have met 50 times, with Alabama winning 30 games to Auburn's 19. The lone tie, 6-6, was in 1907. Alabama has posted 12 shutouts, Auburn six. Alabama has a series total of 981 points to Auburn's 777, which adds up to an average point difference over the 50-game series of just a fraction more than four points a game.

That spells excitement, sports fans, and those are just the cold statistics. The readiness to resort to violence over the outcome of the game was so intense, on both sides of the field, that the series was canceled after the 1907 game. They didn't play each other again until 1948.

Trying to pick the top five Alabama-Auburn games is like trying to pick the top five Rolling Stones songs, but here's how ours go:

Auburn 40, Alabama 0 (1957): This was certainly a terrible day for the Tide (Auburn had won the '55 and '56 games, too), but this game sent the Alabama recruiting committee in search of a new coach, who turned out to be Paul (Bear) Bryant, and the rest is glorious history.

Auburn 17, Alabama 16 (1972): Auburn blocked Alabama punts on two successive series of downs and scored the winning points in the closing moments of the game. The famous "Punt, 'Bama, Punt" bumper stickers were on cars within minutes after the game and it was an awful year for Tide fans.

Auburn 23, Alabama 20 (1983): This was the Bear's last regular-season game, and



Auburn can't hold back the Tide.

Tide fans were really sick over the defeat. It was a heart-stopping game, though, and the War Eagle fans tore down the goal posts.

Alabama 17, Auburn 15 (1984): Sweet Revenge! This is the game that brought down criticism on Auburn coach Pat Dye for going for a touchdown late in the game, and on Bo Jackson for going the wrong way on the touchdown try. 'Bama fans saw just another patented goal-line stand.

Alabama 25, Auburn 23 (1985): A tape of this game should be put in a time capsule, so that people 5,000 years from now will know what the game is all about. It was the Golden Anniversary meeting of these two teams, and in a seesaw battle, junior placekicker Van Tiffin kicked a 52-yard field goal as time expired to give 'Bama the victory. Coach Ray Perkins called it "one of the greatest games I've ever been associated with." That about sums it up. It was also only the second football game where I prayed out loud. The bumper sticker after this barn-burner read: Culture 25, Agriculture 23.

Five other rivalries we like:

1. Texas-Oklahoma. "College football's equiv-

alent of a prison riot—with coeds," Dan Jenkins once wrote.

2. Michigan-Ohio State. We did say best rivalries, not best games. Granted, the game itself is often dull, but with the show that the bands and fans put on, no one ever seems to notice.

3. Florida-Georgia. Sneaked this one in on you, didn't we? Not only have the games been great in recent years, but the pre-game tailgates constitute, in the words of one writer, "the world's largest outdoor cocktail party." All this and 40,000 Florida and Georgia girls in cutoff jeans.

4. Harvard-Yale. OK, we grant that this one hasn't been for the national championship since the silent film era, but you've got to nod somewhere to tradition, right? This is still a pretty good game, and it is even more impressive when you consider that it's actually played by guys who have to spend a little time reading books. And who can forget the words of Yale coach Herman Hickman, the poet laureate of the Great Smokies, before the 1949 game with Harvard: "If ye are men, follow me! Strike down your guard, gain the mountain passes, and there do bloody work as did your sires at Old Thermopylae." Bo Schembechler wouldn't have known what the hell he was talking about.

5. Notre Dame-Southern Cal. With apologies to all the others, this one has been, for more than half a century, the most significant rivalry in college football. It's the one big game you don't have to have a personal stake in to care about the outcome. More great coaching legends, more great players, more national championships (10 games involving a piece of the national title in just the last 22 years) than any other. Do you realize that Gerry Faust was the first Irish coach in a quarter of a century to win three straight against USC?

—By A.B. and MICHAEL SWINDLE

College Football RATINGS and Inside Stuff

has been the toughest conference in the nation for the last three years, even when it hasn't shown up in the won-lost columns. The Big 10 seems to be enjoying a resurg-

Nebraska. The WAC is just a point or two away from slipping into the range of a small-college conference.

As you've probably noticed, we made up a conference, the Greater Eastern Independents, which consists of 11 schools. In order of finish in our power chart, they are: Miami, Penn State, Notre Dame, Syracuse, West Virginia, Army, Pittsburgh, Navy, Temple, Boston College, and Rutgers. This "conference" isn't as geographically linked as the others, but most of these schools play each other as regularly as conference teams, and what the hell, why not find a way to include Miami, Penn State, and Notre Dame in all this? Imaginary or not, the GEI was the toughest conference in the nation in 1984 and has been in the top four every year since 1980.

ALLEN BARRA and GEORGE IGNATIN continue their analysis of football in more detail in their new book, "Football By The Numbers." The book is published by Prentice-Hall and will be available this fall.

1985 NCAA Major Conference Rankings

Rank	Conference	Power Rating	HFA
1	Southeastern	117.85	2.8
2	Big 10	113.25	3.0
3	Greater Eastern Independents	112.6	4.0
4	Pac-10	109.85	5.0
5	Southwest	109.5	4.0
6	Atlantic Coast	109.45	3.8
7	Big 8	106.35	4.6
8	Western Athletic	105.85	3.6

ence—despite the continued power of Ohio State and Michigan, they haven't been this strong as a conference since the early '60s. The Pac-10, too, seems to be emerging from a four-year slump, while the Big 8 continues to be wretched, except for Oklahoma and

1985 College Power Ratings

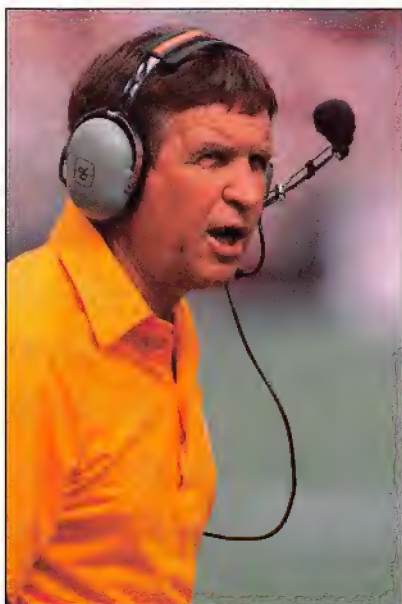
A good indication of how the system works is reflected in our treatment of the four teams last year that had identical 10-2-0 records—Miami, Iowa, Texas A&M, and Arkansas. Miami ranked the highest (No. 4) because they compiled their mark against the toughest schedule; their average opponent was more than a TD better than Arkansas' average opponent.

Rank	School	Power Rating	Home-Schedule		W	L	T
			Field	Tough-			
1	Michigan	134.7	0.2	114.1	10	1	1
2	Oklahoma	133.2	4.0	107.3	11	1	0
3	Tennessee	128.2	1.0	113.2	9	1	2
4	Miami	127.9	1.0	109.4	10	2	0
5	Florida	127.6	-2.0	115.1	9	1	1
6	Nebraska	127.4	4.6	104.3	9	3	0
7	Iowa	127.4	4.2	107.1	10	2	0
8	UCLA	125.9	4.1	109.5	9	2	1
9	Air Force	125.6	2.9	104.4	12	1	0
10	Penn State	124.2	0.7	111.3	11	1	0
11	Alabama	124.0	2.6	115.4	9	2	1
12	Texas A&M	123.7	4.0	105.0	10	2	0
13	Auburn	123.7	3.0	114.7	8	4	0
14	BYU	123.4	0.6	103.7	11	3	0
15	Maryland	122.9	1.5	114.3	9	3	0
16	Ohio State	122.2	0.9	112.1	9	3	0
17	Georgia Tech	121.9	1.6	110.0	9	2	1
18	Georgia	121.0	0.6	113.6	7	3	2
19	Arkansas	119.7	0.8	101.7	10	2	0
20	Baylor	119.5	3.1	105.7	9	3	0
21	Michigan State	118.8	-1.7	111.5	7	5	0
22	LSU	117.6	-1.4	109.6	9	2	1
23	Notre Dame	117.5	6.1	119.6	5	6	0
24	Florida State	116.5	4.8	110.7	8	4	0
25	Arizona State	116.4	1.5	105.9	8	4	0

Coaches We'd Like To Share A Headset With

There were at least eight coaches last year who deserved consideration for coach of the year honors. We list them in the approximate order we'd have voted for them. But we really can't choose among our top five.

1. **Johnny Majors** had a good Tennessee team in '84, and an excellent team in '85. He lost a super quarterback (Tony Robinson) in the middle of the season, but held the team together after Doug Dickey volunteered to fill in.
2. **Galen Hall** inherited a great Florida team at the start of the '84 season, kept them together through scandals, the forced firing of his predecessor and mentor, Charley Pell, and finished with the best college team in the country in '84. He lost four-fifths of the "best offensive line that money could buy" before the '85 season started, but though limited by loss of scholarships, still finished 9-1-1.
3. **Terry Donohue** finished '84 with a UCLA team that was, at best, good. He lost numerous players, including his starting quarterback, "Sunny" Bono, and finished '85 with a very good team, spoiling the magnificent pun we created after we wrote the Bruins off for dead.
4. **Lou Holtz** took over an atrocious Minnesota squad and made them more than respectable. They wound up '85 as a fairly good team, inspiring a new fight song, "A Foggie Day in Minneapolis Town." Holtz's performance with the Gophers got him the Golden opportunity to take over the powerful but disorganized Irish.
5. **Fisher DeBerry** led the Air Force to its best record ever. Except for a close loss to BYU, the Falcons could have been the "BYU of '85." If they had won the game and gone unbeaten, would the AP and UPI have voted them No. 1? Probably. They played a tougher schedule than BYU did in '84 and they won more decisively. Of course, they wouldn't have been No. 1 in our book; but we don't give trophies—only plaudits.
6. **Jimmy Johnson** lost the best battery in college football at Miami in '84, and maybe the best ever. Bernie Kosar was an excellent quarterback and Eddie Brown was the best wide receiver we'd seen since Lynn Swann started making quarterbacks famous. He also lost Stanley Shakespeare, a fine receiver, and



Tennessee's Majors had plenty of Volunteers for excellence.

Albert Bentley, a good runner and excellent blocker. Still, the Hurricanes played superbly until the windy Johnson lost his bearings in the storm of controversy he created with his intemperate attacks on the polls.

7. **Bo Schembechler** had a mediocre 6-5 Michigan team in '84 that became, by our lights, the best team of '85. But he has no one to blame but himself for failing to get the AP's nod. Armed with a great defense, he chose to hamstring what should have been a great offense. He had a good line; a fine runner in Jamie Morris; a veteran quarterback, Jim Harbaugh, who was fully recovered from the injuries that ruined his, and Michigan's, '84 season; and two of the biggest power forwards, er, receivers outside the NBA, Eric Kattus (now graduated) and Paul Jokisch. In the two games they needed to win (Iowa and Illinois) the Sheperines scored just 13 points and came out 0-1-1.
8. **Joe Paterno** suffered through a 6-5 1984 season at Penn State, during which he had to listen to trendy sports writers tell him that the flashy new college game had left his style of play outmoded. Well, the 1985 Lions came within one game of the national title, and suddenly defense and ball-control are fashionable again.
9. **Gerry Faust**—just kidding, folks. But we have learned from an impeachable source that, in a rewrite of Goethe's famous tale, Akron's new coach has offered to trade his "sole" pro prospect for an Ohio Valley Conference crown.

—A.B.

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Arm Wrestling Goes 'Over the Top'

Arm wrestlers hope Sylvester Stallone's 'American dream' saga does for the sport what 'Rocky' did for boxing

By Maureen McDaniel

[Editor's note: *INSIDE SPORTS* is one of several companies affiliated with "Over the Top," a film scheduled for release in late November or early December. A mock magazine cover of *INSIDE SPORTS* is a prop in the film and the magazine's trademark logo will appear on T-shirts, caps, and on a banner.]

Two men's hands lock together over a table, each straining and tightening against the other in a tense, powerful grip. The men concentrate so fiercely that they seem unaware of the crowd pressing in toward them. The spectators, shouting off their tension, roar approval when the prolonged immobility explodes in a sudden scuffle. One contestant has shoved his shoulder in close, quickly throwing a considerable amount of his upper-body weight on the tight, vulnerable elbow of his opponent.

"Awesome move!" a fan decides, to noisy agreement, but a referee warns the awesome mover to keep his shoulder back so that it doesn't make contact with the other man's body. And the other man has made his own less-obvious move: Through sheer force of his wrist, eight inches around, he's managed to push Awesome's hand and wrist into a stiff, uselessly "flat" position. The stalemate is on again.

An uninitiated bystander wonders, "What move?" Like most of the public, he thinks of arm wrestling as just a battle of the brawny. It's true that the goal appears simple: pin the opponent's forearm to the table. But underneath its muscled exterior, arm wrestling is a host of subtle techniques and a growing coterie of masters who develop, refine, and pass on a complex body of strategy.

Recently applied polish aside, the underdog sport of arm wrestling retains enough image of macho confrontation that no one would be surprised if a guy like, say, Rambo were to shoulder his way in. It's only logical, then, that the public will soon be exposed to the intense excitement of arm wrestling in a new Sylvester Stallone film titled "Over the Top."

In "Over the Top," a Cannon Films release, Stallone plays Lincoln Hawk, a trucker out to win the world's arm wrestling title. His motives go beyond the desire to win the title and the \$250,000 prize money. Hawk has been separated from his 11-year-old son since his divorce from the boy's mother. The boy has been told that Hawk, an independent driver who must hit the road to make a living, has abandoned him.

Now the boy's mother is near death, and though it is her wish that Hawk live with and care for the boy, her rich father has other ideas. Hawk's drive for the arm wrestling title will show his son the extent of his love for him. And the hunk of cash will help him fight a legal battle for custody.

In preparation for the world title meet, Hawk learns and practices the sophisticated moves he needs to beat the toughest arm wrestler in the world.

The term "over the top," besides its obvious connotations of victory, refers to an arm wrestling technique in which a contestant attempts to move his grip over the top of the opponent's fingers to force his hand

backward. It is one of the techniques used to weaken an opponent's grip (try using your arm strength with fingers bent backward).

Menahem Golan, the chairman of Cannon Films, likes the idea that the sport can reward the will and concentration of an all-American guy. Golan says he didn't know anything about arm wrestling until he read the script, but then, "I got interested. It has to do with the folklore—with a man who wants to go 'over the top.' He doesn't have the biggest arm in the world, and then he understands that it has to do with will power. You identify with him."

Golan is convinced that "Over the Top" is not merely a bare-fisted "Rocky." "This is more connected to a working person, is less violent, and has more emotion to it," he said. "I love 'Rocky', don't misunderstand me, but to me arm wrestling is a cleaner sport. And in this sport, a little fellow can win versus a big fellow."

Golan and Cannon Films president Yoram Globus observed in their native Israel, where they first entered the film business, that American films depicting American life and values were in great demand in the rest of the world. America conquered the world's imagination, says Globus, not through armies but through movies. "The American film gave a vision of better days and hope for a more exciting future," Globus says.

The time seemed right for films about American heroes. Cannon, the largest filmmaker in the U.S., produced "King Solomon's Mines" and "Delta Force," and has recently acquired the rights to produce "Superman IV," and options for all future sequels. "Over the Top" has the same appeal to the triumph of guts and determination.

Stallone couldn't find a better forum than arm wrestling to continue his involvement with films that touch, with uncanny timing, some deep pocket of uniquely American pride.

Arm wrestling events are booming across the country. According to Marvin Cohen, president of the International Armwrestling Council, "More than 100,000 people now compete annually in U.S. events. We see families cheering their relatives; the sport has become a completely clean, wholesome activity."

Cohen points out that the lack of expensive equipment makes arm wrestling accessible to anyone and has contributed to its wide appeal. "Success in arm wrestling comes from individual effort," he says. "The film 'Over the Top' makes that point. This is the next sports mania on the American scene."

Because arm wrestling is irresistible to most men and even a good number of women (who hasn't tried it, at least in fun?), and because it looks simple, novices are usually beaten in one pounce. It's a rare treat for fans to see a match last longer than a supercharged second or two. According to John Woolsey, 37, "Most of these matches are over slam-bang because newcomers don't realize how much there really is to it." When a match is prolonged 20, 30 seconds or longer, it is usually because both competitors know their stuff.

One message of "Over the Top," is that overweight bullies get nowhere with the serious athletes who dominate arm wrestling today. Today's arm



Stallone and Chuck Norris are part of the Cannon Films team looking for arm wrestlers to perform in 'Over the Top.'



wrestlers will applaud that point. They are a new breed, at home in the more upscale honky-tonks—Hilton and Westin hotels, for example, where recent contests have been held. They are found discussing technique, eating trail mix and bananas, "psyching up," and saving the partying for later.

Golan, who is directing the film, decided to use genuine arm wrestlers

in "Over the Top," so Cannon Films came up with an idea that offers champs an opportunity to muscle their way into a major film.

Cannon and the International Armwrestling Council are sponsoring a yearlong series of contests around the world to find the authentic arm wrestlers they need. The contests are part of a \$25 million promotional program, the largest ever undertaken for a film of any kind. IAC director Cohen explained: "Each regional contest will have five men and two women winners—one in each weight class. On July 26, these winners will be flown to a Grand Finals competition at the Las Vegas Hilton. This contest will provide the background for the filming of the 'Over the Top' championship." A major network is planning to cover the tournament finals live.

Since Stallone plays a trucker, the contest has a special trucker's division, sanctioned by the Teamsters and the Independent Truckers Association. The winner of that division will take home a \$100,000 Volvo-White Integral Tall Sleeper and the same amount in components from Trailmobile, Double Eagle, and other truck manufacturers.

Arm wrestling's new breed is undeniably unique, and by using actual competitors Cannon has assured a cast of colorful, determined characters.

It's going some to be a big man in this sport, but at 450 pounds and 6'6", Cleve Dean, a 31-year-old hog and cotton farmer from Moultrie, Ga., is a big man and a big winner, having wrestled dozens of regional, national, and world titles.

Dean trains in part by lifting his pickup truck at one end, but he's a gentle giant who insists, in a soft drawl, that "technique is absolutely dominant in this sport. For example, just placing your hand a certain way when you take the grip can make the difference. Some guys try to get an unfair grip, with their hand higher than yours. And speed! The one who jumps right away when the referee says 'Go!' is probably going to win.

Dean carries black business cards which read in friendly gold script, "Cleve 'Armbreaker' Dean." He's already been to Hollywood to discuss a



Burly brawlers can't win in today's arm wrestling. Technique is the magic key.

possible "Over the Top" role with Sterling Siliphant, the screenwriter. Meanwhile, he's long been a celebrity at home, where he does commercials for a chain of Kentucky Fried Chicken franchises and is regaled as a legendary strongman.

Dean says he's always refining his methods. "Not to boast, but it would take the average person three years to learn as much as I have," he says. "There are always new moves."

Virgil Arciero, 47, a rock-hard 6'5", 235-pound electrical engineer for the Los Angeles Department of Water and Power, agrees. He is assigned to the "heavyweight division" and must face challengers of Dean's bulk as well as sleek powerhouses his own size. New methods and skills are as important as weight training to him. "It's amazing, but after 12 years of competition I keep coming across new methods," he says. "I do not study the sport. Cleve Dean had beat me four times before 1980; then I used a technique called 'bone-breaking' against him in Chicago in 1980. I came in toward him with my shoulder, keeping my wrist bent so that he couldn't use his weight against me. I beat him twice that day."

Like many arm wrestlers, Arciero became fascinated with the sport by watching the Petaluma World's Wrist Wrestling Championships on ABC-TV's "Wide World of Sports." Though he wasn't sure how to train at the time, he picked up some tips from muscle magazines, strength-trained with weights, and took second in Petaluma his first year out. Now, typical of the new-wave arm wrestler, he relies on visualization technique, vitamin supplements, and endless practice. One of the oldest and most active competitors in the sport, he continues to rack up titles, and has qualified for the Las Vegas "Over the Top" finals.

(There are distinct, though not major, differences between arm wrestling and wrist wrestling. Arm wrestlers grip a peg at the side of the table with their free hand, keeping it out of the way. Wrist wrestlers grasp the opponent's left hand in the middle of the table, and may involve the body

more for leverage and power. In fact, only promoters are really passionate about the differences between the sports; most competitors routinely enter both types of contests.)

Dot Jones, 21, won a chance last August to compete in Las Vegas for a film role at a regional "Over the Top" contest at the Beverly Hilton. She and the other women in the sport prove that all is not macho in the sport of arm wrestling. "I was up against a girl from Texas who everyone said was unbeatable," Jones remembers. "When we took the grip she jerked my hand across the table, trying to intimidate me, I guess. I looked at her and said, 'Oh, yeah?' and I pulled her back. I yelled in her face when we started. I pinned her in a flash."

A cheerful farm girl from California's central valley, Jones isn't easy to intimidate. Her confidence is based on a solid record in mainstream sports. She earned a full-ride track scholarship to Fresno State University in California, and she's toured the U.S. and China through track and volleyball involvement.

Because of extensive training with weights and hours of track workouts each day, Jones packs muscle, not fat, on her 6'3", 239-pound frame. "I'm going all out for a role in the film," she says. "It's the most exciting thing to ever happen in this sport."

The women's Lightweight Division attracts its own stars. Lori Cole, 28, is a tan, raven-haired Californian whose dazzling smile and lean muscles make her look more like a Stallone heroine than the "professional arm wrestler" she describes herself as. "Just what is an arm wrestler supposed to look like?" she protests. "This is the sport of the common man—or woman. It gives anyone a chance to be a winner."

Cole, who has won more than a dozen titles, regularly defeats men coaches and male challengers. She has entered several of the promotional contests and will compete in Las Vegas for a film role. For the past year Cole has worked full time as an events coordinator for the film. "It's

inspiring to see people giving all they've got. The film roles and the cash are the best prizes we've ever had a shot at.

Says John Woolsey, holder of a list of arm-wrestling titles as long as his powerful arm, "The film will be terrific for the sport! The more people know about a sport, the more they get out of watching it."

Where a layman just sees two guys fighting it out, an arm wrestler sees good and bad moves, countermoves, new tries, and old tricks. "An example of something a layman might not catch is when you try to rotate the opponent's forearm so that the palm of his hand is toward his face," Woolsey says. "At the same time, you've got to keep his hand flat, or stiff-wristed, without letting him get it curled up underneath your hand."

Woolsey swears that once familiar with the sport, fans will follow that and other arm-wrestling esoterica. "When you understand the strategy, the contest becomes a lot more interesting."

"When people tell me they're surprised at the prominence of technique, I say to them, 'What about football? What about boxing?' Any sport has its special techniques. You have to know how to apply your strength."

A higher level of competition has pushed out backroom dilettantes. Those who survive are willing to train strenuously, learn the nuances of technique, and enter grueling, tension-packed matches several times a year. Because of the new interest, contests are now held frequently around the country.

Arm wrestling will eventually have one governing body; as of now there are several different contests offering various titles. However, this has preserved the grassroots character of the sport and probably increased the numbers of interested competitors and spectators.

So clearly cleaned up is the sport's image that major sponsors such as Soloflex, Anheuser-Busch, Fabergé (with a sweepstakes and a \$5 million media tie-in), and Michelin are participating. The new respectability of arm wrestling has won over the Marines, the Coast Guard, and the Navy, all of whom have publicized the "Over the Top" series to their personnel. Corporate sponsors have supported not only giant projects

like "Over the Top" but have in large part bankrolled the lengthening string of small, local events that attract, train, and season future titleholders. "It's become a wholesome thing to be associated with," says Tom Kooms, a Budweiser distributor from Great Bend, Kan., who sponsors a dozen small contests a year. "Arm wrestling moves fast, you can involve a lot of people. Everyone wants to try it sooner or later. And, of course, we have a Bud Light break."

Nature made no plans for the human arm to endure the sideways pressure it gets in arm wrestling, any more than she engineered the human back to bear the weight of six tackling football players. Unusual training methods are required to strengthen the brachialis (the relatively small arm muscle that wraps down over the front of the elbow.) IAC director Cohen has been working with Stallone in twice-weekly training sessions. Cohen asked John Woolsey, who builds his own exercise equipment, to rig up a special weight set for Stallone. "It's similar to the one I built for myself," Woolsey explains. "You select the amount of weight with a peg. There are pulleys set up so that he can pull from three different directions, duplicating the pulls used in arm wrestling."

Woolsey and Cohen were impressed with the actor's willingness to learn all about arm wrestling. "Stallone is going to be very convincing as an arm wrestler," Woolsey predicts. "He wants to play the part to a T. Obviously he's in great shape and very strong, but he realized that traditional weight training doesn't train you for arm wrestling. He's been learning the moves."

The fictitious coverage provided by *INSIDE SPORTS* in "Over the Top" is the kind of media attention arm wrestling has long awaited. It could soon be that informed readers and moviegoers will jump to explain those awesome techniques to any uninitiated bystander. ■

San Francisco-based free-lancer MAUREEN McDANIEL has covered arm wrestling for several publications. New York-based free-lance writer Steve Bloom also contributed to this article.

HARD GLOSS



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Do You Know This Man?

'Hot-head,' 'unpredictable,' 'crazy'—they've all been tossed at Joaquin Andujar. Now try dependable, caring, and incredibly generous

By Peter Korn



IN A HOUSE OF PLENTY IN A CITY of very little, Joaquin Andujar sits, and for the first time in his life he is unsure. He is home, in San Pedro de Macoris, in the Dominican Republic, but comfort escapes him. Spring training has begun in Arizona without him.

Andujar, a man who prides himself on positive thinking, admits negative thoughts have taken hold. The Oakland A's tell the media that visa problems are delaying Andujar's arrival, but the real problem is in Andujar's heart.

It has been a rough offseason, beginning with the last game of 1985. Andujar lost his temper as the World Series slipped away from St. Louis, and in front of 69.5 million viewers appeared to charge umpire Don Denkinger with a fury that should shock only those who don't approach their life's work with passion. Later Andujar would be indicted and convicted by Commissioner Peter Ueberroth of drug charges he has yet to admit to, with a sentence that seems to address the entire drug problem instead of Andujar as an individual. Between the five-game 1986 suspension for the World Series incident and the drug fine of 10% of his salary, Andujar must hand over approximately \$155,000, which may be the biggest fine in sports history. And then he was traded, from the Cardinals ("Still my number one team"), and by Whitey Herzog ("Whitey is a great man"). Even Andujar's pet phrase, "You never know," does not explain the hurt he feels now.

To those who know him well, the sight of Andujar beaten down, contemplating retirement from baseball, contradicts everything they know about the man. But with pause they might understand that it is contradiction itself that best defines Joaquin Andujar.

At 33, Andujar has overcome poverty, isolation, and the demons of a temper over which he renounces control. A man of passion and joy, he has learned that sometimes the farther the journey the more distant the goal.

Grandfather worked in a sugar-cane factory. San Pedro de Macoris was and always will be a poor town, but rich in the stuff that lets a man know he will never leave. Andujar's parents were separated when he was born, an only child, and his grandparents raised him. At 15 he dropped out of school because he had no shoes, nor adequate clothes in which to attend school. At 16, he was in the United States, playing professional baseball in Bradenton, Fla.

"Down in Dominica we played baseball every minute, every second, every hour. Every day we play baseball in the street," Andujar says. The dream had long since been fixed for the youth, and its power would sustain him through the coming ordeal.



In Bradenton the Cincinnati Reds supplied Ron Plaza as a coach and guide for Latin players who didn't speak English. Still, Andujar recalls having to go back to his apartment each evening alone.

Sioux Falls, S.D., was worse; nobody connected with the team was bilingual. Andujar now recognizes that the situation forced him to learn English faster than if an interpreter had been around.

"If you don't know the language, somebody says something to you and you're sweating and you're hot, and you get mad easy because you don't know the language and you want to know what they say," Andujar says.

"When a Spanish comes to United States, the first thing they call you is hot dog," he explains. "They call you hot dog and they tell you you have a hot temper because what are you going to do if you don't understand what the American tell you? When the American talk to you and you don't know what they say, you think they say something bad about you and you want to fight or you get mad. That's the reason they call you a hot temper or hot dog."

The arm was always there, and the heart as well, but overcoming the sense of alienation and misunderstanding during those first years in the Cincinnati organization was the key to Andujar's success. It was the fuel for an unrelenting drive.

"When the people talk bad about me in the paper that helps me," Andujar says. "That

pushes me more. That way the one that's going to look bad is you, not me.

"If people talk bad about me, I push myself a little more and work harder. If I'm going to run 20 sprints, I run 40," he says. At Bradenton, Andujar's record was 3-5, with a 4.17 earned-run average. At Sioux Falls it was 4-7, 6.36.

In later years the bad talk became secondary to the media as a source of motivation. A simple question on his best attribute as a pitcher brings this reponse: "What makes me a good pitcher—every time these writers write something bad about me, when the people scream at me, I try to work a little bit harder. That way I can pitch good, that way everybody can see if Joaquin Andujar is wrong and those poor writers they are right. That's why it makes me a good pitcher, it makes me throw more strikes."

JOAQUIN ANDUJAR IS IN OAKLAND now. His baggage arrived ahead of him. The victories are sure to follow, and with them a trail of contradictions left by the game's most enigmatic player.

A few cases in point: Andujar's reputation is that of a power pitcher, a gifted arm that is, if anything, restricted by an undisciplined mind. The truth is, Andujar is one of the game's smartest pitchers and most astute students. And power pitcher or not, his bases on balls to innings pitched ratio (3.1 per nine innings over the last four years) is above average.



Andujar is smart, and one of the game's most astute students.

every five days he wants the ball, wants to go out, and he's not looking around for help when he's on that mound. He's going to take care of the job."

Those who watched the Cardinals during the stretch run last year might question Andujar's ability with the pressure on. In the League Championship Series against Los Angeles, Andujar was given two starts and went a combined 10 innings. His 6.97 ERA produced an 0-1 record. In the World Series, Herzog handed his ace the ball for only one start. That performance, combined with the ill-fated Game 7 relief chore, left Andujar with 10 hits allowed in four innings of work, a 9.00 ERA, and a loss. But it would take a short memory to forget 1982, when Andujar was 2-0 with a 1.35 ERA in the World Series against Milwaukee.

Moore is hoping that the change in scenery will forestall any late-season collapse by Andujar this year. Andujar denies any fatigue factor was responsible for his decline, but the record shows two previous seasons (1977 and '79) in which Andujar started strong but faded by August.

Late summer in St. Louis, where the artificial turf and the humidity capture and intensify the heat like a sweatsuit placed over Busch Stadium, can take a toll on a pitcher who has thrown 200 innings. Oakland's summer weather is milder.

It didn't take Moore long to recognize Andujar's mental approach to the game, or his leadership qualities. In spring training the A's have a policy that pitchers not scheduled to work can watch that day's game from the stands in street clothes. Andujar declined to do that, saying he needed to study and learn about American League hitters he would be facing. Day after day he could be seen, in uniform, watching intently and making mental notes about hitters' strengths and weaknesses. Often he would pester Stock about the unfamiliar batters. During the first week of the Cactus League season, Andujar spotted Rijo in the stands during a game. The veteran went up and brought the young pitcher back down to the dugout. He had Rijo change back into his uniform and watch the rest of the game from the dugout, by his side.

Stock thinks Andujar's approach to the game not only will rub off on the young pitchers but will intensify as the teacher learns from teaching. "Whitey told us that when he [Andujar] gets on the mound he is such a fierce competitor that sometimes he doesn't keep his composure, and I've seen a lot of pitchers that way," Stock says. "One of the things that Jackie and I are trying to

Andujar is not ruled by his emotions, though often he is at their mercy. Still, any thoughts that Andujar might be considered undependable are quickly erased by a look at the record book. Over the last four years, since Andujar came to St. Louis, nobody in the major leagues has surpassed his record of consistency. From 1982 to '85 Andujar started 37, 34, 36, and 38 games. His innings pitched read 266, 225, 261, 270 for the same period.

Andujar engages in more than his share of arguments and controversies, yet anyone who thinks he is unpopular with teammates is wrong. In St. Louis and now in Oakland, in his own, good-humored way, Andujar is a clubhouse leader.

In fact, while it appears the Cardinals got rid of Andujar because of his reputation, the A's wanted him for exactly that reason.

Jackie Moore, the A's manager, thinks Andujar could be the key to his team's success, not only this year but for many to come. With 21-year-old Jose Rijo already in the starting rotation, and youngsters like 22-year-old Eric Plunk and 25-year-old Tim Lincecum (a starter last year) waiting in the wings at Triple-A Tacoma, the A's will realize as much success in the near future as the young arms are ready to bring them. Moore sees Andujar as a critical component in the development of the young pitchers.

"We're trying to mold together a young pitching staff here," Moore says. "It's very important that they realize the way to pitch

as far as coming into a ball game, getting a lot of innings in to be successful. And Joaquin had won as many games the last couple of years as any pitcher in baseball. We thought that would be very valuable for our youngsters, to let him lead by example."

In essence, when Andujar came over to Oakland, Moore appointed him secondary pitching coach for the younger pitchers. Andujar's prize pupil is Rijo, the 21-year-old who many feel looks like a young Andujar on the mound. Rijo is from the Dominican Republic and throws hard, but he has yet to learn how and when to throw strikes.

In spring training Rijo came under Andujar's tutelage. "If you want to find Rijo, just look over to where Joaquin is, you'll find Rijo next to him," remarked pitching coach Wes Stock. Moore sees Andujar teaching Rijo not just about the mechanics of baseball, but the mental toughness that is Andujar's stock in trade.

In addition to Andujar's role as staff ace and teacher, Moore sees him assuming the mantle of stopper for his club, which is not necessarily the same as an ace. An ace's role is to win the most games. A stopper's is to win the key games.

"He's in a position to take a lot of pressure off not only the young pitching staff but the ballclub in general," Moore explains. "He's a guy who comes out every five days, and if you're in a losing streak he's a guy who can stop a losing streak. He's the guy who can turn momentum around. He's dependable—

explain to him is that we want him to be a leader not only off the field during practice but also during the ball game, keeping his composure. A good example is Rijo. Joaquin has brought it up to me. He said, 'He [Rijo] doesn't concentrate all the time out on the mound.' And he's right. He loses his composure a little bit, he loses his train of thought. And this is where we want to say, 'OK, Joaquin, you've got to show them that this is what they've got to do.'

"Whitey said he [Andujar] loves the toughest competition, he wants to be part of that situation. And you'd have to say if anything's come out of this [the suspensions and trade], it's the challenge to him. He did a lot of thinking before he came to spring training because of what had happened, and I think when he made up his mind to report to us he had said, 'OK, now it's a challenge.' And, like Whitey told us, this is what he likes."

WHITEY. AS IN WHITEY Herzog—Andujar's boss and butt-kicker, his friend and also the man who sent him away, though the last is uncertain. Andujar compares Herzog to a father figure and says he will always root for the Cardinals. Herzog says he misses the pitcher. Getting Herzog talking about Andujar is like asking a father to reminisce about a long lost son. The manager defends against labels and charges he feels have never been properly dealt with. His speech is punctuated by laughter, the real kind, born of genuine fondness for a man with whom he's shared many a battle.

"I think with Joaquin the record speaks for itself. I think he's so misunderstood by people," Herzog begins. "Basically he's a good person. He's got a heart of gold. I really enjoyed him, not only as one of my pitchers but as a person. I had him five years and it's quiet around here without him."

In St. Louis, Andujar was the focus of most of the locker-room humor, sometimes as perpetrator and sometimes as victim. "I'm one tough Dominican" he never tired of declaring. Ozzie Smith was "midget" and the everyday players who were backing him with superior offensive support last year were a bunch of "Judy hitters." Retaliation was often in the form of snakes placed in the Dominican's locker. None of the humor, however, diverted Andujar's drive, his desire to excel.

"When he first came over he wanted to pitch all the time," Herzog recalls. "I pitched him one Friday night and we won, and we got rained out Saturday and Sunday. And he comes to me Monday and wanted to pitch Monday. I said wait a minute!"

"But he likes the ball. I'm not worried so much about his 21 victories as I am about his innings pitched. That's where he added so

much to us, because he never missed a turn, he's never hurt, and he goes out there and pitches. Any manager will tell you that's what he appreciates most about a pitcher."

Herzog isn't surprised by the role Andujar has assumed with the A's young pitchers. At the Cardinals spring camp in St. Petersburg, he says, it was common for Andujar to walk over to the team's minor league complex to work with the young Latin pitchers there.

"Joaquin is a very bright individual. There's nothing wrong with Joaquin's intellectual part of the game," Herzog says. "He knows what the hell's going on. It's just sometimes things bother him. One of these flare-ups comes along or an umpire calls a knockdown pitch, and he gets PO'd."

"He's had the reputation of being a headhunter. Hell, he's not a headhunter. His fast-ball runs inside to a right-hand hitter. When he's got good movement it really runs in. And sometimes, whenever he'd get one in there a little bit, somebody would charge him and they'd put the knockdown rule on."

WITH THE DESIGNATED HITTER in place, American League fans will be missing one of baseball's most fanciful sideshows. Against left-handed pitchers Andujar bats right-handed, but against right-handed hurlers he might swing from either side of the plate. Andujar explains that he would decide whether to bat left- or right-handed depending on the control of a pitcher. With a wild righthander on the mound he bats right-handed, so his right shoulder, his pitching arm, is not exposed. The explanation makes sense, but Andujar contradicts the logic when he expounds on his hitting.

"Everybody's different. Everything I do is natural. That comes from inside of me," he says. "Sometimes I do something and I say, 'How did I do that?' But it's natural."

"Like batting left-handed. I just grabbed a bat one day and I say, 'I can be a left-handed hitter.' Just joking I say, 'I'm a good power left-handed hitter.' And I go to bat and hit a home run."

The home run remains one of Andujar's favorite memories, and he'll remind you of it at every opportunity, just as he'll remind you he may be the only pitcher to have hit home runs from both sides of the plate in the major leagues.

The left-handed home run was a grand slam, and it came off Atlanta's Jeff Dedmon in 1984. "That day I hit home run left-handed with the bases loaded, I pointed like Babe Ruth," Andujar says. "I just pointed to right field and said home run. And everybody [on the Cards bench] said no way. I called time out and I say, 'Home run,' and pointed to right field. And I hit a home run. That just comes natural."

Herzog recalls Andujar's hitting prowess in another light. "When he gets a bat in his hand he's crazy," the manager says, laughing.

"Having the DH, where he doesn't have to hit, should mean five wins for him," Herzog says. "He's a horsebleep hitter. He struck out 94 times for the Cardinals before he ever got a walk. I made him take one time. He had a bad knee and I said, 'Don't swing the bat,' and he walked twice that game."

But, Whitey, what about the called shot against Dedmon? "He says that every time. In the five years I had him he called at least 500 of them. He probably called that one, but every other time he's gone to the plate he's called one, too. I'd say, 'Hey, Joaquin, get him [the runner] over now.' 'You want me to bunt?' 'Yeah, bunt.' Then he goes up there and swings away."

In time Whitey learned the lesson Jackie Moore still has coming. "I knew he wasn't going to change and I wasn't going to drive myself crazy over it. That's why I think we got along so good."

YOU LEARN A LOT ABOUT A MAN by what he keeps, and what he gives away. Joaquin Andujar has achieved many goals. The adulation he inspires in the Dominican Republic is almost incomprehensible to people in this country, where heroes are born and lost in the time it takes to cancel a television series. But Andujar is a man who has never forgotten his roots.

"The proudest thing I have in my life is the first pitch I throw in the major leagues. I have the ball. I pitched against San Diego, in 1976 with the Houston Astros," Andujar says.

There was little memorable about the event, other than the realization of one man's hard-fought dream. Andujar recalls pitching about five innings and being beaten, but he doesn't remember the first batter he faced, just that the first pitch was the proudest moment of his life.

"I stopped the game and said, 'Give me the ball.' I threw it to the trainer and they have to give me another ball." Andujar didn't care about the appearances of stopping the game after one pitch, and he knew there would be many more games, more important games to come. He also knew there would be only one dream. The ball wasn't a souvenir—it was a symbol.

That ball serves as a reminder of how far Andujar has come. But any measurement of a journey makes sense only with a good bearing on where you started. For Andujar the yardstick is shoes.

Each year he returns to San Pedro de Macoris after the season, and each year he brings boxes and boxes of new shoes, hundreds of pairs of shoes for the poor children of his hometown, and baseball shoes for the



Andujar saw Herzog as a father figure, and Herzog misses him.

sandlot players. Again, the shoes are a symbol of the young boy who had none. They are only the beginning of the gifts, however, when Andujar returns home.

David Hendricks, Andujar's agent for the last eight years, recalls a scene in San Pedro from last winter. "I was at his house January 6, which was the 12th day of Christmas, and there must have been 500 kids outside his house, and he went and bought presents for every one of them," Hendricks says.

Andujar is more than a famous baseball player in his hometown, according to Juan Bernhardt, who is a scout with the White Sox. He and Andujar went to school and played amateur ball together in San Pedro. His clearest memory of Andujar comes from the year the pitcher first signed with Cincinnati as a 16-year-old. Andujar returned to San Pedro and began to help support a number of families through relatives. Bernhardt says that Andujar now supports more than eight families, and is sending

seven or eight San Pedro kids through college.

As a ballplayer and success story in San Pedro, Andujar is revered. But it is his generosity that is legend.

"Believe it or not, we'd go to a restaurant and there'd be more than a hundred kids outside. Poor, really poor kids. And then he'd order food for everyone to take home to their mothers," Bernhardt says.

It is not just with money that Andujar gives to his community. A number of major league organizations support winter instructional leagues for Dominican teen-agers. Every morning during the offseason Andujar is at one of those camps, teaching young players. His bond to his countrymen is far stronger than the bond to his major league team. Andujar can be seen at any of the camps, showing up with the inevitable boxes of baseball shoes for the kids.

Imagine trying to maintain a healthy perspective with all the adulation ballplayers

receive in this country. Then multiply that response a hundred times and you have an idea of what it's like to be Joaquin Andujar in San Pedro de Macoris. He's hero, he's benefactor, and he's role model on a scale most Americans can't imagine.

"As soon as Christmas comes, people go to him like he's the president of the country or something, because everybody knows he buys a lot of food," Bernhardt says. It's not just worship, it's responsibility.

His countrymen would say Andujar has lived up to that responsibility. Because of his work with young Dominicans, Andujar has attained a status akin to the godfather of Dominican baseball. In this country, however, "responsible" is a label the media rarely associates with Andujar.

In an age of playing it safe, Andujar is a throwback. Impulsive, passionate, Andujar acts as he feels. He takes no prisoners, and if apologies are to come they come late. He is a man born out of his era, because playing it safe is not for Joaquin Andujar.

In fact, the most revered of Cardinal teams played and lived with a style that makes Andujar's controversies seem tame. That was the Gashouse Gang. Old-timers will tell you about road hotels that banned the team because of the destruction the players wrought. Rip Collins, Pepper Martin, Leo Durocher, and crew raised the act of getting thrown out of ball games to a high art. They fought on the field and in the clubhouse, with each other and everyone else. And though despised by opponents, in their own way they became heroes. Fifty years later a talented and temperamental Dominican comes to St. Louis with remarkably similar behavior and success, and he finds himself sitting at home wondering why "the people talk bad about me."

The problem may be cultural, an imposition of American values on a man who is very much Dominican. But that type of thinking may be indulging in the same type of stereotyping that leads to labels such as unreliable for players like Andujar in the first place. A's shortstop Alfredo Griffin is Dominican—in fact, he lives next door to Andujar in San Pedro—and he is one of the quietest members of the team.

Whatever the reason, Andujar acts like he doesn't have a lot to lose. The constraints of a seven-figure salary and international media glare have not toned down his act. He looks at the five-game suspension imposed for his run-in with Denkinger and wonders why. "They make it look like I'm the first one and the last one to argue with the umpire," he says. Certainly, as punishment for bumping Denkinger the penalty seems harsh. George Brett, in the 1983 pine-tar incident, was at least as threatening to umpire Tim McClelland. Billy Martin and Earl Weaver have

bumped umpires with more vigor. Andujar's mistake was the timing, baseball's showcase, the seventh game of the World Series. But should a man incur a more severe penalty for an act because of the size of the viewing audience?

ANDUJAR LIKES TO CALL HIMSELF natural. Unrestricted might be an accurate description. Yet, there are some matters he refuses to discuss publicly. He won't comment on his drug experience or on Ueberroth's penalty.

"Nobody's going to change me," Andujar says. "It's too late." Standing in the dugout runway before a game, frustrated because a reporter has just asked the same question about his unorthodox batting stances that he has answered a hundred times, Andujar recognizes the implication that many people think he is lazy or erratic. But Andujar knows there's a reason behind his actions, and whether the logic appears to anyone else doesn't concern him.

"Nobody's going to change me," "I don't care what they think," "You never know." Three phrases Andujar uses constantly, the last not a phrase so much as a statement. "You never know, that's my favorite word," he says, and spoken as one word it's truly a philosophy for the Dominican. Among other things it means nothing surprises Andujar—not being traded from the Cards, not the suspension and fines, not even a slump. A simple question about what he will do after retirement brings the response, "I don't even know what I am going to do tomorrow." Pressed that he must think about the future at least a little bit he replies: "No, I don't think about anything. I just think about today. I cannot think about tomorrow if today is not finished yet. I'm being honest with you. That's the way I am."

David Hendricks remembers a remark Andujar made last year after the pitcher stopped talking to the St. Louis media. "I think one of the writers asked him, 'Joaquin, you need to talk to the press because the fans want to hear what you have to say, and after all the fans pay your salary.' And Joaquin's response was, 'The fans pay my salary? Are you kidding?' And the writer said, 'Of course the fans pay your salary,' think about the end of the chain. And Joaquin said, 'If the fans pay my salary, tell me this: How do the Pittsburgh players get paid?'"

As with Yogi Berra, there's an element of truth in the craziness, just as there's more than an element of caring behind the macho exterior Andujar often shows the world, or just as he's dependable despite an image of unpredictability.

Behind that image, and behind much of the unpredictable behavior, is pride. Andujar is proud not only of the success he has realized

but also that he has exerted full effort in the attempt. Pitchers don't win Gold Gloves, as Andujar did in 1984, without hustle and concentration. Andujar's intensity on the mound has never been questioned. When he looks around the major leagues, Andujar doesn't see many who approach their craft as he does.

"Eighty-five percent of the time, the pitcher when he loses a game, he say, 'I get them next time,'" Andujar says. "I think they say that because inside they know they don't

**'He's dependable.
Every five days
he wants the ball.
He's not looking
around for help
when he's out on
that mound. He's
going to take
care of the job.'
—Jackie Moore**

try 100 percent. They make too many mistakes. They say I get him next time because they know they have to push a little more. When I lose the game I say, 'Well, that's OK, I cannot win every game.' I'm satisfied inside, I know I give 100 percent."

Andujar has had his slumps. Despite 21 victories last year, he won only once in the last two months of the season.

In his final nine regular-season starts his record was 1-5, with a 6.22 ERA. "Everything was fine," he explains. "I never missed a rotation. You know, it was just luck, a slump, same way with a hitter. The hitters sometimes get in a slump and they have the same swing."

The entire year of 1983 was a slump for Andujar. His record was 6-16, with a 4.16 ERA. He claims the fact that he came back in 1984 and won 20 games is proof he never began to doubt himself. The drive that fuels Andujar's success was always there, and will always remain, he insists.

And now he's working to instill that drive in Jose Rijo. Rijo may look like a young Andujar on the mound, but the similarity is mostly physical. This year Andujar has changed Rijo's wind-up, teaching the youngster how to get better movement on his fastball. He's drilling into Rijo the need to throw strikes. The lessons are being learned quickly by

Rijo, who fanned 30 batters in successive starts in April.

But it is not technique that most concerns Andujar. Rijo has not only been taken under Andujar's wing but under his roof as well. The young pitcher now lives with Andujar and Andujar's wife, Walkiria, and six-year-old son, Jesse, in the family's Oakland home.

"I used to take everything and I still take everything serious," Andujar says. "He [Rijo] is just joking around too much." Are you going to get tough with him, Joaquin? "You got that right. That's why he's going to live with me. We're all different, but sometimes you can change people. I'm not going to try to change him. I'm going to try and show him the right way." Then he's got a tough summer ahead, doesn't he? "You got that right. He's not going to go out nowhere. He's going to live in my house, and to get out of my house he's going to have to kick my ass first. And it's going to be tough to do that."

Andujar thinks of Rijo, and of the camaraderie he has enjoyed throughout his career, and of his approach to the game of baseball, and a question occurs to him.

"One thing I know. You can ask my teammates in Houston, in St. Louis, in Oakland right now. Everybody loves me here. If I'm a bad guy like the media writes in the paper, do you think they're going to love me? If I'm a bad guy, do you think Jackie Moore is going to tell me to take care of Rijo? Rijo's 21 years old. If I'm a bad guy, Jackie Moore's going to tell Rijo keep away from me."

In Andujar's strength there is healing, but not conquering. If his motivation is when "people talk bad about me," he hasn't escaped the need for their attention. He has learned how to use it. The source of his strength still comes from outside, and in a way, Andujar is as dependent on those people talking bad about him as the 17-year-old kid who only wanted to stop the Americans from laughing when he didn't know what they were laughing about. Seventeen years later, he's still playing by their rules, but winning.

"When you play as long as me—this is my 17th year—it makes it easy for you because everybody knows you now. Everybody knows me better because the papers have been talking so bad about me every day. Everybody knows Joaquin Andujar now. I don't worry when they mention my name in the paper to talk bad about me. The only time I'm going to worry is if they don't mention my name."

"If they don't print your name, good or bad, that means you are nobody. But when they write something bad or good about you that means you are somebody." ■

Whether it's bad or good, contributing writer PETER KORN makes sure it's true. His last piece for L.S. was on Jack Ramsay.



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Voices of Summer

Baseball on radio has a mystique that connects the listeners to the announcers through their love for the pure game

By MICHAEL ROZEK

IF BASEBALL IS ANYTHING OTHER than a game, it's the voice of a play-by-play announcer coming out of a transistor radio speaker. The numbers prove it: Despite TV's spell, thousands more games are heard on major league teams' radio networks each year than are telecast on NBC, ABC, WOR, WTBS, and WGN combined. It's a tradition that goes back to the beginning of baseball's modern era, and one that will likely never die.

Because baseball and radio go so well together; they're almost transparent. Some of us are so hooked on the combination, we take our boxes to the ballpark to give what we're seeing its own narration. Baseball purists love to talk about how well radio communicates the game's pace, intimacy, and sudden drama. On the airwaves, one inning can be sheer theater. Indeed, that purest of purists, *The New Yorker's* baseball writer Roger Angell, says he loves to go out on his boat and listen to the Red Sox almost more than he loves going to Fenway Park.

That's probably because a game on the radio is a more private experience—so private, it can easily turn near-mystical. When I lived in New York City, I would go up on the roof of my apartment building once darkness had fallen and tune in the Red Sox over WTIC in Hartford. The voice of Ned Martin, then half of the Sox broadcast team on radio, would crackle and echo over the lights of



Mariners announcers Niehaus and Rizzs are friends to millions.

Manhattan, seemingly describing not just the game but all the skyscrapers and urban roar before me.

As such, when you follow baseball regularly on radio, something else happens: You make friends, silently, with your team's announcers, or at least their voices. Oh, your wife might not understand why you listen to them night after night. But, hey, they keep telling you everything about every pitch, every inning—even the ones in August and September that barely count anymore. Your summer can go to hell, and they're always there, running down an 0-2 count on Jamie Quirk.

And why do they bother? Why do they care? For the same reason you're listening to them: You love the game. They love it, too.

"A very pleasant good evening everybody, and welcome to the Kingdome, where Dewey Evans—Dwight Evans—will step in and lead it off against Billy Swift, the young man out of New England. And what a thrill this

must be for Billy to face his boyhood idols, the Boston Red Sox. Dewey Evans, hitting .232, hasn't exactly caught fire yet, but he's hitting better than he was the first time through Seattle in May. The pitch on the way . . . and the first pitch is a strike down the inside corner, a fastball right at the knees . . ."

—Dave Niehaus, Seattle Mariners' play-by-play man, calling the first inning of the Red Sox-Mariners game, July 11, 1985

BUT IF YOU WANT TO PROVE this, don't talk to the radio play-by-play men in New York or Los Angeles, where fame, fortune, and the siren song of the TV networks are all constant carrots-on-a-stick. Don't go to Boston or Chicago or St. Louis, diehard baseball cities where an announcer can become a venerable local institution. No, go to Seattle, one of only two major league towns that's never finished first, the town with the worst fan support in baseball over the last five years, the town that Commissioner Peter Ueber-

roth said last year wouldn't even meet the minimum standards he's set for those currently seeking an expansion or relocation franchise. And once you're there, talk to Dave Niehaus and Rick Rizzs, the Mariners' on-the-air radio team. When the M's struggle into Cleveland each August, 18 games out of the pennant race, what *motivates* these two?

"I look at every game I broadcast as $\frac{1}{162}$ nd of the season," said Niehaus, 51, optimistically. "And I've never seen two games alike. Last season we had two guys thrown out at home plate on the same play. . . . It's the magic of baseball. I love it. I could cover it 365 days a year."

"I'm one of the luckiest guys in the world, because I've wanted to be in baseball ever since I was a little boy," says Rizzs, 32, even more cheerily. "And I enjoy announcing so much it doesn't matter what the score is, even though it'd be even more exciting if we were fighting for a pennant."

To the Mariners' loyal fans, that's the situation exactly. All summer long they sit in towns such as Polson, Mont., and Walla Walla, Wash., strung along a radio network linking stations in Washington, Oregon, Idaho, Montana, and Alaska, and give their imaginations to Niehaus and Rizzs.

"There's a lot of mail when we come back from a road trip," says Niehaus. "And even during a homestand we average five or six letters a day. Mostly they're from people who listen to us every day. And mostly they're very positive. People say they think of Rick and myself as members of the family for six months out of the year, that we're as comfortable in their lives as a pair of old shoes. If I can get that kind of loyalty from people, I've accomplished something."

Niehaus and Rizzs aren't cuff-shooting, aspiring stars represented by the William Morris Agency. They aren't ex-jocks, either, trading on name value. True to the tradition of many "civilian" baseball announcers—from veterans such as Detroit's Ernie Harwell to newcomers such as Kansas City's Fred White—they have the common touch because they got their jobs the hard way: via lots of toil and some wild luck.

Niehaus—a tanned, fatherly figure who likes to chain-smoke, has a booming voice with a rasp, and is originally from Princeton, Ind., a little town about 30 miles north of the Kentucky border. "I was brought up in Cardinal country," he says, "and growing up I listened to Harry Caray do their games. I don't know how old Harry is now, but he's still got enthusiasm. That's what I've always admired about him." Calling himself a "natural ham," Niehaus says he started broadcasting sports in college. But his big break was more complicated: "Summers, I worked at Mount Rushmore, in the

Black Hills of South Dakota, as a short-order cook. In 1957 I met a woman visiting the monument—her husband was painting a mural there—who worked in Hollywood as a talent coordinator for Ralph Edwards' show 'This Is Your Life.' We got to talking, and she offered me a job on the show.

"But I was late getting out to Los Angeles. That was obviously completely irresponsible on my part. Still, she did get me a job as a page—which is nothing more than a glorified usher—at NBC, and I showed people to their seats for all the big TV series and specials. Then I got drafted into the Army."

However, because Niehaus' resumé said "broadcasting" and "NBC," the Army sent him to New York, to work in the studios of Armed Forces Radio, doing—somewhat unbelievably—re-creations of games from wire-service reports, beamed to American service people all over the world.

Then, in 1966, after Niehaus had continued to toil for Armed Forces Radio in Los Angeles, this time as a civilian, *The Call* came. "I'd already been doing the Dodgers and Angels for Armed Forces," he recalls, "so KNBC Radio, which carried the Angels, wanted me." By then, after fortune had dealt him that flush hand, Niehaus was able to do the rest on talent. By the time the Mariners were entering the American League in 1977, he'd become known as a utility voice on both Rams and Angels games. Applying for the Seattle job on a whim, he got it—just like that. "There's no doubt about it," he admits. "I've been a very lucky man. I didn't even know the Mariners were looking for a broadcaster until one day a salesman from the station I was working at in Los Angeles yelled something to me about it across a parking lot. Sure, I took the bull by the horns when I could, but when kids who want to be major league play-by-play people write and ask me how they can do what I do, I tell them, 'Don't bother.' The odds are astronomically against you, especially"—and here Niehaus grumbles a bit—"with all the jocks coming in now who have the names but not the qualifications."

Meantime, Rizzs, 19 years younger than Niehaus, with boyishly handsome features, is also his perfect foil, playing an obvious No. 2 role to the man every Pacific Northwest baseball fan knows as the Voice of the Mariners. Rizzs is just grateful for the opportunity, having come to the big leagues by a route that makes Niehaus's look direct. From the Chicago suburbs, and the son of a local sports writer, Rizzs was a baseball player at Southern Illinois University, and started doing play-by-play in college. Then, in 1975, when a schoolmate wound up working for the Double A Texas League Alexandria (La.) Aces, Rizzs joined him—as the Aces' clubhouse boy. "I washed the jerseys," he re-

members, "of Bruce Sutter, Dennis Lamp, Garry Templeton, Donnie Moore, Jack Clark, and lots of players from that league who are stars now. I made \$200 a month, including tips. So to pay the rent, I also did the graveyard shift at a local radio station as a Top 40 disc jockey." (You can hear a lot of AM radio in his smoothly easy voice.)

The reason Rizzs was willing to do that, of course, had to do with his career goal—becoming a big-league broadcaster. "I had to start somewhere," he shrugs, "and part of the deal in Alexandria was that I could do three innings of play-by-play every home game on another station." From there, one minor league job led to another; the next year Rizzs became the full-time radio voice and offseason ad salesman (for the outfield wall at the ballpark) of the Amarillo Gold Sox in the same league.

By 1982, through other minor league connections met along the way, Rizzs had put in play-by-play stints for the Double A Memphis Chicks of the Southern League and the Triple A Columbus Clippers. Then, in Ohio, he got his version of *The Call*. "I still remember the date," he says. "January 7, 1983. I was taking a nap. I'd heard that Ken Wilson, Dave's partner [now working for ESPN] was leaving Seattle, so I'd sent in a tape of my work. But I'd sent tapes to lots of major league teams before. This time, though, the Mariners phoned and said I was one of three finalists." A few weeks later, Rizzs was one of two applicants left, and scheduled to fly to Los Angeles for an interview with Mariners owner George Argyros.

But the day before, he entered a cookie-eating contest. "It was one of those things local radio personalities do for charity," he explains. "I ate 33 cookies in three minutes." A few hours later Rizzs drove to the hospital, thinking he was having *The Big One*. "There I was," he says, "flat on my back, hooked to an EKG, seeing eight years of broadcasting in the minor leagues and my big break going up in smoke. I was still strapped to a table when they let me call the Mariners and beg for an extra day to fly out to see Mr. Argyros."

Rizzs got it, of course, and made the trip. "Eating all the cookies had only stressed my sternum," he says. The next day, he had his ticket to the bigs.

A good baseball broadcaster has to have: (1) the reflexes of a player, (2) the impartiality of an umpire, (3) the enthusiasm of a fan, (4) the background knowledge of a writer.

—Ernie Harwell, still half of the Tigers' on-air team and a member of the Hall of Fame

YOU AREN'T KIDDING, ERNIE. Along with their obvious enthusiasm, what keeps broadcasters such as

Niehaus and Rizzs at the major league level is their practice of a fine art.

Before a 7:30 p.m. night game start at the Kingdome, the two are usually at the ballpark by 4 p.m. "You might think every major league announcer is well-prepared," says Niehaus, "but that's not necessarily true. I won't mention names, but there's a guy in this league who will come in just before his three innings, do them, and leave, and he's one of the highest-paid in the business. And then he'll put in his scorebook for certain plays, 'DSP—Didn't See Play.' Hey, there's no excuse for that. I could never work that way. That guy's just coasting on his big name, but what Rick and I do comes from wanting to keep our jobs. We'll get here early just to talk to the trainer about an injury. A player may be a little hurt, and if he comes up with the bases loaded in the 9th, you want to know about it."

So, by 5 p.m., someone from the Mariners' office delivers to Rizzs and Niehaus a veritable blizzard of statistics about that night's game—"stat sheets" familiar to anyone who's been up in a major league press box. Typed single-spaced, they add up to a morass of numbers that can overwhelm the uninitiated. About Billy Swift, the Mariner hurler, a few lines read as follows one night last season: "85 with M's: Won 1st appearance (in relief) at Clev., 6-4 on 6/7(5 IP, 1H, 0R) . . . Lost 1st start 6/11 vs. Chi., 7-1(5.2 IP, 7H, 5ER) . . . Rec. ND in 2nd start, 6/16 vs. KC—M's won 2-1 in 9th(7.2 IP, 6H, 1R) . . ."

These, of course, are the tidbits of information that a good play-by-play man can glibly offer his audience at a moment's notice. So, before each game, Niehaus and Rizzs sit in their radio booth and scan the sheets, diligently shorthanding them into every nook and cranny of their scorebooks. "That way," explains Rizzs, "we never have to fumble through papers if we want to say something during a dull moment. The information is right in front of us." Meanwhile, their "producer/engineer," a 33-year-old Oklahoman named Kevin Cremin, is setting up the relatively small amount of electronic gear needed to send their voices out onto the Mariner radio network.

Next, around 5:30, the announcers grab their portable tape recorders and head down to the field. There they snag interviews for the pregame show each does, vehicles for a team to build a few more precious minutes of commercials into their radio broadcasts.

Then, after a meal in the press box commissary (always a life-shattering experience), the two go back to the broadcast booth and start putting on their game faces. "It should be obvious," says Niehaus, "that you really have to concentrate to do a game. You have to think about the situation you're looking at, so you can relate it to the overall

flow of the game, to who's coming up next, to who a manager might still have on hand to pinch hit. I mean, you almost have to think like a manager does. You have to have the defense on your mind, to know who's going to field a ball almost before it's hit. You need to keep glancing at your scorecard, because you can't remember ballplayers' names by looking on the field, especially when you haven't seen the other team for, say, two months. But you also have to keep your eyes on the field—I rarely look at the monitor, except on a close play.

"And meantime, I'm *keeping* score, too, so I can recap any part of the game at will; I try to almost draw a picture of the game in my book by the system I use. For example, a squiggly mark is a ground ball up the middle, and a line drive double is two squiggly lines—well, you'd have to see it. But I can look back in my scorebooks 10 years and give details that the boxscores can't reveal.

"And then, you want to keep your audience entranced, enthralled. If it's a blowout, you try to tell interesting stories, of course. But in a good game, you have to be able to tell the story emotionally, to inflect your voice at different times for different reasons. A fastball should have a sound to it, through your voice."

Finally, says Niehaus, there are a few more ground rules to remember. "If somebody tunes in at any point in the game, and they have to wait very long for me to give the score, or they can't tell by the sound of my voice who's winning or losing, I may cause them to tune out—and I haven't done my job. And I want to keep telling the listeners, in case they've just tuned in, what the batter did his previous time up, or the night before. And the pitching matchups for the next few games. Our job, remember, is not only to call the game, but to get people out to the ballpark."

And chimes in Rizzs, while seconding all that Niehaus has to say: "In the minor leagues I had a tendency to get too excited on a big play, to the point where I wouldn't give all the information about it to the listener. Now, I even try to predict one before it happens, so I can get the listener more involved in the game."

Rizzs says he sometimes tries to be a straight man for Niehaus, who's given to outbursts of biting wit, and attempts to fill in gaps as a color man when his colleague has the play-by-play chores.

But after all the work, there's some gravy. "I think a major league broadcaster's biggest signature is his home run call," says Niehaus. Back in 1978, he adds, his was kind of tepid. "I guess it was, 'Back to the wall, it's gone,'" he recalls. "So one night I was driving with the car radio on, and this rock group comes on singing something about

'Fly away.' I thought, 'Hey, doesn't that explain perfectly what a home run does?' The next day we had an exhibition game, and I was praying for a couple of home runs. We got 'em, I said, 'Fly away,' and it's been my signature every since."

Rizzs, meanwhile, likes to scream "Good-bye, baseball!" when a pitch leaves the park (or more precisely "Good . . . bye . . . baseball!").

The home run call is also, of course, the glamorous, colorful part of play-by-play that makes all of us think we could broadcast a major league baseball game easily—natch—if only we were given the chance.

Wrong.

ON JULY 11, 1985, I BROADCAST one inning of the Red Sox-Mariners game, live, from the Kingdome, over the Mariners' five-state radio network. (History will record it was the top of the fifth.) Driving into Seattle from eastern Washington, my wife heard me on our car radio. Millions of other people heard me, in places such as Lewiston, Idaho, and The Dalles, Ore. Presumably, some of the 10,000 fans at the Kingdome that night were tuned in, too.

After the game, producer Cremin gave me a tape of my stint. But I haven't had the stomach to hear it yet myself. I did have someone transcribe it, though. Here you are, folks. Read these excerpts and weep. Or laugh:

Dave Niehaus: *He makes his home in Spokane now, making his major league debut, here from INSIDE SPORTS magazine is Mike Rozek!*

Mike Rozek: *Thank you, Dave. The first pitch from Billy Swift to Wade Boggs is a ball, one-and-oh. Boggs coming into the ball game hitting .332, two home runs and 35 RBIs, and probably one of the best contact hitters in baseball. The one-oh from Swift is HIT TO RIGHT FIELD [I yell here, above the crowd] AND A BASE HIT for Wade Boggs. Mr. Boggs tonight is 3-for-3, which is his style. . . .*

So far, so good, right? (But where did that "Mr. Boggs" business come from? Who am I all of a sudden, Heywood Hale Broun?)

Dave: *Mike, you're a native of Buffalo, New York. Growing up were you a Met fan, a Yankee fan, a Red Sox fan . . . What were ya as a kid?*

I freeze here. What was I as a kid? Confused, mostly.

Mike: *[no answer]*

Dave: *[persists] What team did you follow as a youngster growing up?*

Mike: *[frantically] The Cardinals in Southern Illinois.*

Dave: *All right. Southern Illinois.*

Dave is probably wondering how I wound up in Southern Illinois when he just told a

million people I was from Buffalo. But I just forgot to tell him I moved around a lot when I was a kid.

Mike: [shaken] *Pitch from Billy Swift to Jim Rice. As Boggs takes a quick lead off first he goes back, and it's one-and-oh.*

Examine that sentence. It makes no sense.

Mike: [more shaken, after a long pause] *Dave, this is tough.*

Dave: [laughs, with gusto]

Mike: *This is not only shoddy on my part, but this is tough.*

I just broke the cardinal rule of public performance—never admit you're doing a bad job. Things are unraveling.

Dave: [trying to cover] *I could not sit down and write a story like you are going to do, either, so just relax and have some fun.*

Mike: [searching for an exit] *Here's the one-oh from Swift...*

I cannot bear to reprint any more of my inning. Suffice to say I did rebound enough in the top of the fifth—largely because there were only seven pitches in it—to have Niehaus enthusiastically press me into service for its bottom, too. This was a big mistake. After one batter I fell into complete silence again. The fiasco mercifully ended with Niehaus doing most of the talking, wrapping up the linescore, and then saying,

"You're happy to be out of here, aren't you, Mike?" which brought down the house in the broadcast booth.

A minute later I was safe in the press box men's room, trying to stop hyperventilating. Then the door opened, and the man I used to listen to every night on my roof in New York walked in. "Hi, Ned [Martin]," I said. He said hello, looking pretty human. I felt a little better.

THE POINT IS, DON'T EVER take your baseball broadcasters for granted. During my time in the Seattle radio booth that night, I saw Rizzs and Niehaus display the hand-eye-brain coordination of magicians. Me, the rookie, I kept freezing before I could think of what to say during my brief time on the air. On the field, even a ground ball got 10 people moving, and every time I tried to consult my notes for some tidbit to say to fill dead air, something else would happen. So, I still find it hard to understand how Niehaus and Rizzs can call a game as smoothly and intelligently as they do, and still find time to make jokes, read promos, chat with visitors to the booth between innings (that night it was Red Sox GM Lou Gorman), and handle buttinski writers doing feature stories. Even more impressively, they devote almost all their

energy to describing the action—a lot harder than ignoring it and filling up airtime with a lot of schmoozing and patter, the chief fault of some other broadcasters.

But then, if you love something, you do right by it—right? For Niehaus and Rizzs a game well-called is a thing of beauty, and the next best thing to being down there playing it.

"I can be critical of what I see on the field," says Niehaus, "and I will be critical when it's warranted. But people really shouldn't give a damn about my opinion, either. What George Argyros hired me for [in '86 Niehaus is on the final year of a five-year pact; Rizzs is on a new one-year deal] was my excitement, my being involved with the game. And I know from letters that thousands of our listeners pick up on that, because they all want to come here and meet us. And I'd like to meet every one of them—but I know, of course, that it's impossible."

Not true, Dave. Some of us already know you better than our closest friends. Because if baseball is anything other than a game, it's the voice of a play-by-play announcer coming out of a transistor radio. ■

Free-lancer MICHAEL ROZEK is good at ad-libbing—on his typewriter. His last piece for I.S. was on football's special teams.

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There's Gold In Them Gloves

By MARK WHEELER

The Redbirds scored twice in the opening frame on an RBI triple by McGee and an error by Bucs left fielder Reynolds. . . .

IN 1845, WHEN ALEXANDER CARTWRIGHT modernized the American version of the game that was then known as *base-ball*, he wasn't concerned with fielding when he suggested to fellow members of the New York Knickerbocker Club that the bases be set 90 feet apart.

For if a man was lucky enough to smack a four-sacker and circle the bases in triumph, he would travel in a perfect square, exactly 360 feet—the number of degrees in a circle—good, solid figures to a man like Cartwright, a surveyor by profession and someone who dealt in logical, geometric shapes.

Whatever Cartwright's reasoning, the 90-foot basepath has worked well during the last 140 years. Whether it was a Harry Wright of the 1869 Cincinnati Red Stockings or Pete Rose of the 1986 Reds legging out a throw to first base, the question of whether the runner is safe or out is usually resolved by no more than a step or two, a fraction of a second, between the runner and the ball and bag.

But a bit more is required than a predetermined number of measured feet. Good defense is necessary, a cleanly fielded ball and an accurate throw to the bag. And while it is fielding that often results in the most exciting baseball plays—the shoestring catch, the behind-the-bag backhand stab, or the relayed throw from the outfield for the tag at the plate—it is the aspect of the game that is least talked about and least emphasized by fans, players, and management, who are chiefly concerned with two weapons in baseball: pitching and power. That's one reason

Home runs may draw more raves and ink than the good defense played by Tiger Lou Whitaker [right], but now that Ozzie Smith earns \$2 million a year, that could change

major-leaguers today, because of inattention or laziness, make so many errors, and it explains why big-stick, no-field veterans such as Reggie Jackson and Al Oliver are stars.

Two errors by Ripken figured in the Indians' three-run, sixth-inning rally as they defeated the Orioles, 11-5. . . .

"I wouldn't limit it to just baseball," says Brooks Robinson, who as a Baltimore Oriole won 16 Gold Gloves and is perhaps the finest defensive third baseman ever to play the game. "I think with all sports the emphasis is on offense—defense is always overlooked."

Mark Belanger, an eight-time Gold Glove winner at shortstop, also for the Orioles, agrees. "Defense has always been on the back burner when it comes to baseball, and I don't think the average fan—unless he's a true student of the game—realizes the extent to which defense can influence the outcome."

One reason, according to Belanger, is that the value of a good defensive play doesn't show up until later. "Everybody recognizes

the importance of a home run—it scores a point—but a great defensive play will probably be forgotten, even if it prevented three runs. There's no place in the boxscore for saving runs, and the newspaper headlines will always read, 'So-and-so homers in the ninth,' not 'So-and-so made a shoestring catch.'"

Belanger points out that many pennants are won by five games or less. "And I will guarantee you that in the course of a season the defense saves at least five games. But there's no statistic for that, so it's not appreciated," he says.

Los Angeles' errors helped the Astros score six runs in the 9th inning and defeat the Dodgers, 7-3, on RBI singles by Pankovits and Thon, a two-run error by Dodgers pitcher Howell, and an error by catcher Scioscia. . . .

If Belanger is right, it's the fans' loss, because good defense is not a matter of simply fielding a ball. It is a combination of sound individual fundamentals and strong teamwork. The fan who only watches the batter, pitcher, or base-runner will often miss the most exciting part of the game. For example, if a runner is on first base and a single is hit to left field, a specific defensive alignment is set into motion. On most teams the shortstop will act as the cutoff man, going 15 to 20 feet into the outfield, in line with the left fielder's throw to third base.

The pitcher backs up the third baseman, who'll yell at the shortstop to "cut it" if the runner stops at second. It's an exciting play up until the moment the tag is made or missed—or the throw cut off.

Veteran Cubs infielder Manny Trillo admits the fans' lack of knowledge about defense is frustrating. "The infield will often 'cheat' in a certain direction against a particular hitter," he explains, "knowing that





In terms of a payoff, the most successful defensive player in baseball today is the Cardinals' Ozzie Smith, a lifetime .243 hitter who last season became the third \$2 million-a-year player in baseball (joining Mike Schmidt and Jim Rice), thanks to his acrobatic ability as a glove man. Nettles sees it as an encouraging sign: "I think it's good that guys like Ozzie are starting to get paid for their defense—maybe that will start a trend, maybe guys will start paying more attention to it."

Belanger also thinks Ozzie is worth it. "Smith makes what—10, 12 errors a year? People don't look at that in relation to other shortstops who might get 25 or 30."

Smith, not surprisingly, couldn't be happier. "It's good that defense is finally being noticed—it's taken a long time for players to be recognized, and I'm pleased that my hard work has paid off. I think I was blessed with an inborn athletic ability, but I was pretty much a self-taught player. That involved taking a lot of ground balls over a lot of years."

A good fielder has to keep myriad details in his head: Knowledge of the particular batter, the inning and score, what runners are on base, and the pitching count are all important.

"That's one of the keys for me," says Smith, "because each pitch gives an advantage one way or the other. The most important count is two balls and one strike. If it goes to three-and-one, the hitter becomes more offensive; two-and-two, he's more defensive."

Mark Belanger feels the key to his defense was to know the hitter. "It helped me determine where I would set myself, because most times a batter will do the same thing, whether he's a pull hitter or hits straightaway. There are exceptions, like a George Brett, who hits the ball everywhere—those are the guys who are difficult to defend."

The Cubs' Trillo agrees it's important to know the hitters. "When I was traded to the Indians from the Phillies, I thought about retiring. Switching leagues—it was like starting all over again."

Nettles found it difficult to make the adjustment from the American to the National League. "It took about a year, but now I know most of the guys. Obviously some of the newer players who come up I don't know anything about, so I rely on our younger guys to tell me how they hit in the minor leagues, or I'll ask another third baseman."

"But I don't think there's one 'key' to good defense. It's probably a combination of seven or eight different things that come into play. When I'm out on the field, between pitches I'll visualize myself making certain plays—maybe backhanding a ball behind the bag or

Parrish [above]: 'Catchers must enjoy pain.' Nettles (left): 'I get a bigger kick out of saving runs.' Smith: 'Quickness is the most important thing.'



our pitcher is supposed to throw a particular pitch. If he doesn't do that, or misses the spot, and the batter hits one through the hole, the infield gets the blame, not the pitcher." Trillo smiles. "Sometimes you want to say, 'Hey, hold on, that's not my fault!'"

Oakland's runs in the 2nd inning came on a throwing error by Seattle catcher Yeager, an RBI single by Hill, a run-scoring fielder's choice grounder by Griffin, a two-run double by Bochte, and an error by shortstop Owen. . . .

Belanger believes that with fewer minor league teams, there is less instruction available for young players. That fact, combined with the huge contracts many ballplayers are signing today, makes it easy for a player not to concern himself with good "D." If a lifetime .280 hitter has a million-dollar, no-trade contract, what incentive does he have?

Yet, many players do care about their defense. San Diego Padres third baseman Graig Nettles, who as a New York Yankee frustrated the Dodgers with a series of backhand, diving saves in the '78 World Series, has always taken pride in his defense.



"Probably most players would rather hit a home run than make a great defensive play, but I was always the opposite," he says. "I'd rather make the great defensive play, because I know it will pick the pitcher up, it'll pick the whole ballclub up; I get a much bigger kick out of saving two or three runs."

Nettles says that defense did not come easily for him. "I was never great shakes as a defensive player until I got to the big leagues. Then I worked hard at it, taking a lot of ground balls and thinking a lot about it. Some guys, when they're out on the field, are just thinking about their hitting—it's something to do until they get to hit again. But I look at my fielding as being as important, maybe more important, than my hitting."

"I always felt if I was in a slump at the plate, then maybe I could stay in the lineup if I played good defense. So I worked really hard on my fielding my first couple of years in the league, and I think it's paid off."

Two more runs scored in the fifth on an RBI single by the A's Griffin and an error by Seattle center fielder Henderson. . . .

fielding a slow roller—then when it happens it won't be a surprise, because I've already rehearsed it in my mind."

Errors by San Diego's Templeton and Kennedy resulted in a pair of unearned runs. . . .

Nettles says the hardest play for him is a two-hopper that comes right at him. "It sounds like a simple play, but it's the toughest because you can't get off to the side and see any perspective on the ball. So that second hop hits maybe five or 10 feet in front of you and all you can do is play it off your chest and hope you can knock it down."

For Smith, the hardest play is a ball hit away from his glove side, into the hole. "You're moving away from where you have to throw, so you have to set your feet, and since you're already down low you have to throw it from that same position. It's hard to get pace on the ball."

Both Nettles and Smith say they are not blessed with strong arms. Nettles in particular has had shoulder problems the last few years. Both compensate by trying to release the ball as quickly as possible.

"That's an aspect of the game that's changed," says Smith, "the overall quickness of teams. Almost every batter is quick on his feet, and that puts even more pressure on the defense to get the ball out of your glove and make a quick throw."

The Rangers scored in the 7th inning on a run-scoring groundout by O'Brien and errors by Milwaukee third baseman Molitor and left fielder Oglivie. . . .

In the outfield, a major problem is to stay

in the game and fight boredom, since in the course of a full nine innings an outfielder sometimes won't get even a ground ball. Dwight Evans, a right fielder and seven-time Gold Glove winner with the Boston Red Sox, described to the *Los Angeles Times* how he keeps himself in the game.

"I think ahead. What do I do if the ball is hit to me? Is the runner fast or slow, the grass wet or dry? The score is important. I try to avoid a double by playing deep. I've worked hard on those things. I don't make many great plays. I dive and slide for the ball, but I'm not flashy. Good outfielders make a spectacular play look easy."

Like all good outfielders, Evans knows to run on his toes when chasing fly balls. If an outfielder runs on his heels, the ball appears to "dance" around. All big-leaguers are taught the trick—many forget.

Modern times have both helped and hurt today's player. The advent of the larger glove makes it easier to field balls (and virtually has eliminated the two-handed catch), but the ball will sometimes get "lost" deep in the pocket. Artificial turf provides a truer bounce, but also a much faster and higher bounce.

At one time, Nettles would play back a step on such surfaces, but no longer. "You get used to making a certain throw, and if you play deeper you're going to short-hop it to first."

Trillo plays the same on all surfaces. "I like to play up on the dirt for everybody. When the day comes and you see me playing back on the grass, you'll know I'm getting close to retirement."

The Reds won the game when Milner led off

the bottom of the 9th with a pinch double and scored when Giants reliever Williams fielded Soto's sacrifice bunt and threw the ball wildly past third baseman Brown. . . .

There are still good defensive players in the game today. Besides those already mentioned, they include shortstops Cal Ripken of Baltimore, Detroit's Alan Trammell, and Craig Reynolds of Houston; third basemen Buddy Bell of Texas and the Phillies' Schmidt; catchers Gary Carter of the Mets, Bob Boone of California, and Lance Parrish of Detroit; outfielders Dale Murphy of Atlanta, Tony Gwynn of San Diego, and Dave Winfield of the Yankees.

So, maybe the trend is slowly reversing and defense is on the rise; and perhaps Nettles is right when he says contracts like Smith's might be incentive for other players. But the cynics will also point out another reason for Smith's defensive "reward." The Cardinals had a massive public relations problem at the time Smith's contract was up for renewal, having traded popular first baseman Keith Hernandez to the Mets in 1983 and Bruce Sutter to Atlanta last year, trades that left local fans screaming. So the Cardinals, in effect, had no choice. They couldn't afford to let another of their best players get away.

The Cards got their other two tallies in the 6th on an RBI single by Ozzie Smith and an error by Bucs right fielder Brown. . . . ■

Los Angeles writer MARK WHEELER says that whoever marries him will have made a great catch. His last I.S. piece was on the Bertka Scouting Service.

Glove Songs by the Best

STEVE FIFFER

HOW DO YOU PLAY GOOD DEFENSE? INSIDE SPORTS recently put that question to several 1985 Gold Glove winners.

Ozzie Smith

Shortstop, Cardinals

The biggest thing with not only shortstops but all defensive positions is quickness—quick feet, quick hands. People say I've been blessed with those, but I still have to work hard to maintain quickness by doing certain drills. To quicken my hands, I take a lot of ground balls hit hard right at me from a short distance. I do that throughout the season.

During a game, I'm paying attention to

everything—the whole scheme of the game. That's what's called "being in the flow of the game": knowing the hitter and his capabilities, knowing whether the pitcher can get the ball where it's being called for. I can usually read the catcher's signs, and that helps in positioning myself. But sometimes at night it's touch and go, so in many cases I'm going on instinct and the scouting reports, which tell me where a guy hits the majority of balls.

As far as positioning goes, when you move you should move as a team. There's a lot of communication going on out on the field. If I move, I'm going to tell my third baseman, and in turn he tells me. You don't want to give away what pitch is coming by the way you position yourself. You want to disguise that as much as possible, so if you're going to

move you wait until the last moment. Sometimes you can actually intimidate the hitter into doing certain things. For instance, if you go over into the hole, he might think a curveball is coming, when really a fastball is coming.

Positioning helps a lot when you're playing on Astroturf. When I came to St. Louis from San Diego, a lot of people thought I wouldn't get to a lot of balls that I would have been able to get on grass. But that is a myth. I've been able to cover as much ground, if not more, by learning the positioning of hitters. As you get older, the more you play the game, the more you learn about hitters.

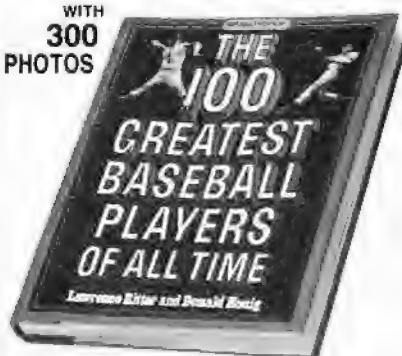
Dwight Evans

Right Fielder, Red Sox

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I can't read the catcher's signs to tell what pitch is coming, but I can tell where it's going to be thrown. With a Luis Tiant or Bill Lee on the mound, someone with good control, I knew what they were trying to do, knew exactly where they were throwing the ball, and I could get a one- or two-step jump and make a play look easy. Of course, I have to know my pitchers. You can't do that if a pitcher doesn't have control. Could a hitter see me jump and then guess where a pitch is coming? I've heard some say they can, but to be watching me and watching the ball at the same time, it would take three eyes.

I generally play off the center fielder. If he calls a play at any time, I just bow out. If you ever see two fielders come together and both of them stop, that's lack of communication. We're communicating in the outfield all the time. We have hand signs. We've been together in the outfield for so long that I can make a sign with my glove to Tony [center fielder Tony Armas], and he knows exactly what I mean, or I can say something to Jim [left fielder Jim Rice] and he understands. We don't actually talk, we get each other's attention by whistling.

As far as my throwing, I never knew I could throw the ball until people started coming up to me and talking about my arm. I think that's a God-given talent. Look at Don Baylor. There's a man who's cut as good as anybody could be cut. He's twice as strong as I am, yet he can't throw the ball to second base. Why I can throw farther and harder, I don't know. It's just a God-given talent.

A lot of fans think a line drive hit to right field comes right at you, but it doesn't. If a lefthander is hitting, the ball usually hooks toward the line. But then you'll get a few lefties who put a weird swing on the ball and it breaks toward center field. Our Rich Gedman is like that. I've only seen a few others—Tony Oliva and Cecil Cooper. Then you get someone like Graig Nettles, who's got that upswing on the ball, and just as it looks like you've got it, all of a sudden it bites right down and is in front of you. That can make you look foolish out there.

It's experience, knowing how the ball comes off the bat of different players. There's a lot of homework involved. You don't just go out there and play.

Willie McGee

Center Fielder, Cardinals

I work on my defense just as hard as I work on my hitting, just as hard as a pitcher

works on his pitching. That means going out every day and taking line drives, fly balls, ground balls until it becomes second nature to you and it's built into you so you just react to a ball. The key to playing center field is speed. But a guy can have a lot of speed and run by balls, so you have to put in hard work to know which balls you can get to, to know how to come in on line drives, how to react on balls hit over your head.

Right now it's not too hard for me to judge a ball when it comes off the bat. But my first year in the big leagues, I was kind of scared to make a mistake, so I was a little nervous. It's just a matter of being relaxed and getting a good jump on the ball. You're taught to freeze on a ball when it's hit so you can make your judgment. But if the batter is someone like Pedro Guerrero, you're looking to go back, and if it's a guy you know is a line drive hitter, then you know that 80% of the time he's not going to hit it over your head, so you're prepared to go in. A line drive hit straight at you at eye level is the hardest ball to judge because it has a tendency to take off on you. And sometimes the big, strong guys hit the ball so hard it comes out there like a knuckleball, which is really tough.

You always have to be in the game, watching the scoreboard to know how many outs there are, thinking what you're going to do with the ball in a certain situation. We communicate in the outfield. I might tell a younger outfielder, like Vince Coleman, something, even though he might know it. For example, I might remind him to throw the ball to second base to keep the double play in order or hit the cutoff man. You want him thinking about what he's doing. Then after about a year you don't have to do that anymore.

If you can come up with a ball and hit the cutoff man, you'll never have any problems in the outfield, because it's his judgment to cut the ball off or let it go. Our job is just get to the ball and get it in as quickly as possible.

Lou Whitaker

Second Baseman, Tigers

I started out as a third baseman. To play that position you have to be quick, you have to have some good hands. You need to be able to react, but it's only a split-second reaction. At second base you have to cover far more ground. I always had great range to my right, and at third base you're only two steps from the bag. But I had to work at going to my left at second base. Over the years I became better, more confident. To be a second baseman, confidence is a key, and to be a winning team you need a good second baseman who's consistently going to make the routine plays, turn a big double play when you need one. Someone like myself or Frank White, who can really go into the hole to his

left and come up with the big base hit, then make that turn and go to first base. These are unbelievable plays really. They're not easy, but we make them look so easy.

In the infield we adjust to every pitch, move around according to the pitch. We may move a step to the right or a step to the left. I wait until our pitcher goes into his delivery, because it's hard for the hitter to be watching me and trying to pick up the ball. I also wait because you've got coaches watching every play, every move, watching the infielders, trying to pick up key points to take away whatever you've got going, to try to steal those signs. I know, because we do it all the time ourselves.

In terms of communicating with our shortstop, Alan Trammell, if it's a situation where we really need to know what each of us is going to do, we may talk to each other, but if it's something routine, we both know what we're gonna do. Still, in certain situations we will talk because we don't want to play the same game every time.

Who covers second base? Who the hitter is determines that. The shortstop and I need to know if the man at the plate is a dead pull hitter, or can he go the other way? In some situations we may change to try to play a guessing game with the other team, try to do something different in different games, but you stick to the way baseball has been played; we're not trying to change it.

I try to make everything come naturally, but there really isn't anything in this game that comes naturally. You have to work at it, and that's something I do not take lightly. Backhands aren't easy, so in practice I take a lot of ground balls hit to my backhand. I just try to make plays. I don't try to be fancy, but you need a little style in the game. I've learned from other guys. I always watched Frank White when I had a chance, so I could see how he goes to his left as well as he does. I watched and watched and asked a lot of questions. It took me some time, but I finally got it.

Lance Parrish

Catcher, Tigers

Just about anybody you talk to in baseball will say the number one preference is that a catcher be good defensively and be a good handler of pitchers. I don't think defense comes easily to anybody. It takes time to learn the position. It's difficult because you're working out of a squat position most of the time. You have to learn how to receive pitches properly, how to turn the ball into the strike zone, how to block pitches in the dirt. There are so many things involved; it takes time. The crucial thing is weight distribution. You always have to be on the balls of your feet. You can't catch on your heels, because you just can't move. You have to be able to

move left and right, but you can't do that unless you're evenly balanced and comfortable.

The main thing you're doing when you're receiving the ball is (1) giving the umpire a good look at it, and (2) catching it so that it's comfortable for you. You hope you can maneuver it in such a way that you might even give your pitcher an edge by pulling it into the strike zone, make it look like a good pitch.

Catchers have to be the type of people who want to be in control of situations, and enjoy pain! I can honestly say catchers are expected to play with pain. It's almost a miracle if you can go for any length of time without having something wrong with you.

You just have to learn to play with it. Whether it's your hands, your knees, or your arms—it's always something. Squatting takes its toll on you, too. I have a problem with my knee sometimes, with my lower back. You just have to do the necessary things to take care of those problems. Conditioning is a must. You have to take care of your body, have to do a lot of stretching, have to do exercises to try to strengthen certain areas. That's just part of the ritual. ■

Contributing writer STEVE FIFFER is a glove man. He wears two pairs during Chicago's winters. His last piece for I.S. was an interview with John Tudor.

Can Male Pattern Baldness Be Effectively Treated?

In the United States the U.S. Governmental regulatory agencies believe that in the greater majority of cases, hair loss is the beginning or advanced stages of male pattern baldness, and there are no known treatments or cures for male pattern baldness.

The notion that nothing can be done about male pattern baldness is not universally held. Recently, the Canadian equivalent of the United States Food and Drug Administration recognized a hair restorer, containing a precise blend of amino acids, as both safe and effective. In Europe, a hair preparation developed at a major university, containing an embryonic tissue complex, has been used by over three million people and is reported to cause a regrowth of hair.

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NATIONAL LEAGUE The Best

Rank	Player, Team	ER	HR	H	BB	HP	ER-HR	HP-HR	Pct.
1.	Dwight Gooden, Mets	47	13	198	69	2	34	256	13.3
2.	Bob Welch, Dodgers	43	16	141	35	6	27	166	16.3
3.	John Tudor, Cardinals	59	14	209	49	5	45	249	18.1
4.	Orel Hershisier, Dodgers	54	8	179	68	6	46	245	18.8
5.	Ron Darling, Mets	80	21	214	114	3	59	310	19.0
6.	Eric Show, Padres	80	27	212	87	5	53	277	19.1
7.	Fernando Valenzuela, Dodgers	74	14	211	101	1	60	299	20.1
8.	Rick Reuschel, Pirates	49	7	153	52	3	42	201	20.9
9.	Danny Cox, Cardinals	77	19	226	64	3	58	274	21.2
10.	Dave Dravecky, Padres	70	18	200	57	1	52	240	21.7
	Jerry Reuss, Dodgers	69	13	210	58	3	56	258	21.7

The Worst

Rank	Player, Team	ER	HR	H	BB	HP	ER-HR	HP-HR	Pct.
1.	Jose DeLeon, Pirates	85	15	138	89	3	70	215	32.6
2.	Nolan Ryan, Astros	98	12	205	95	9	86	297	29.0
3.	LaMarr Hoyt, Padres	81	20	210	20	2	61	212	28.8
4.	Jay Tibbs, Reds	95	14	216	83	0	81	285	28.4
5.	Rick Rhoden, Pirates	106	18	254	69	6	88	311	28.3
	Dennis Eckersley, Cubs	58	15	145	19	3	43	152	28.3
	Atlee Hammaker, Giants	71	17	161	47	0	54	191	28.3
8.	Bill Gullickson, Expos	71	8	187	47	1	63	227	27.8
9.	Ed Lynch, Mets	73	19	188	27	1	54	197	27.4
10.	Bryn Smith, Expos	72	12	193	41	1	60	223	26.9

AMERICAN LEAGUE The Best

Rank	Player, Team	ER	HR	H	BB	HP	ER-HR	HP-HR	Pct.
1.	Dave Stieb, Blue Jays	73	22	206	96	9	51	289	17.6
2.	Charlie Leibrandt, Royals	71	17	223	68	2	54	276	19.6
3.	Tom Seaver, White Sox	84	22	223	69	8	62	278	22.3
4.	Jimmy Key, Blue Jays	71	22	188	50	2	49	218	22.5
5.	Doyle Alexander, Blue Jays	100	28	268	67	6	72	313	23.0
6.	Danny Darwin, Brewers	92	34	212	65	4	58	247	23.5
7.	Phil Niekro, Yankees	100	29	203	120	2	71	296	24.0
8.	Jack Morris, Tigers	95	21	212	110	5	74	306	24.2
	Ken Dixon, Orioles	66	20	144	64	2	46	190	24.2
	Bret Saberhagen, Royals	75	19	211	38	1	56	231	24.2

The Worst

Rank	Player, Team	ER	HR	H	BB	HP	ER-HR	HP-HR	Pct.
1.	John Butcher, Twins	115	24	239	43	6	91	264	34.5
2.	Storm Davis, Orioles	88	11	172	70	1	77	232	33.2
3.	Kirk McCaskill, Angels	99	23	189	64	4	76	234	32.5
4.	Matt Young, Mariners	119	23	242	76	7	96	302	31.8
5.	Chris Codiroli, A's	112	23	228	78	3	89	286	31.1
6.	Ray Burris, Brewers	91	25	182	53	3	66	213	31.0
7.	Bud Black, Royals	99	17	216	59	8	82	266	30.8
8.	Ted Higuera, Brewers	92	22	186	63	3	70	230	30.4
9.	Neal Heaton, Indians	113	19	244	80	7	94	312	30.1
	Dennis Martinez, Orioles	103	29	203	63	9	74	246	30.1

By Dave Brown

MOST GAMES WITH THREE OR MORE HITS

Willie McGee had three or more hits in 28 games to lead the majors in that category last season. He also led the National League with a .353 average. Wade Boggs led the majors with a .368 batting average, but he was two behind McGee in games with three or more hits. Listed below are the players in each league who had the most games in which they got three hits or more.

NATIONAL LEAGUE

Most games with 3 or more hits

Willie McGee, Cardinals	28
Tony Gwynn, Padres	17
Dale Murphy, Braves	17
Keith Moreland, Cubs	17
Keith Hernandez, Mets	16
Ryne Sandberg, Cubs	16
Steve Garvey, Padres	16

By Jerry Tapp

AMERICAN LEAGUE

Most games with 3 or more hits

Wade Boggs, Red Sox	26
Kirby Puckett, Twins	23
George Brett, Royals	21
Harold Baines, White Sox	19
Rickey Henderson, Yankees	18
Bill Buckner, Red Sox	18
Kent Hrbek, Twins	18

ONE-RUN GAME ACES

American League Rookie Pitcher of the Year Teddy Higuera of the Milwaukee Brewers and Dennis Lamp of the Toronto Blue Jays led the majors with perfect 6-0 records in one-run games. John Franco of the Reds had a 10-1 record in one-run games to top National League pitchers. Listed below are those pitchers who compiled the best records in one-run games in 1985 (minimum of six decisions in one-run games to qualify).

American League	One-run games	Season record
Teddy Higuera, Brewers	6-0	1.000
Dennis Lamp, Blue Jays*	6-0	1.000
Stu Cliburn, Angels*	5-1	.833
Ron Romanick, Angels	5-1	.833
Dan Petry, Tigers	5-1	.833
Don Aase, Orioles*	4-4	.667
Jay Howell, A's*	4-4	.667
Mike Witt, Angels	4-2	.667
Jack Morris, Tigers	4-2	.667
Edwin Nunez, Mariners*	4-2	.667

National League	One-run games	Season record
John Franco, Reds*	10-1	.909
Tim Burke, Expos*	7-1	.875
Ron Darling, Mets	7-1	.875
Dwight Gooden, Mets	6-1	.857
Dennis Eckersley, Cubs	5-1	.833
Lee Smith, Cubs*	5-1	.833
Joaquin Andujar, Cardinals	7-2	.778
Dave Smith, Astros*	5-2	.714
Mike Scott, Astros	5-2	.714
Don Carmen, Phillies*	5-2	.714
John Tudor, Cardinals	5-2	.714

*Relief pitcher
By Jerry Tapp

WINS WITH 10 OR MORE HITS PER GAME

During the 1985 baseball season, the Boston Red Sox won 58 games in which they collected 10 or more hits. The Red Sox won 23 games in which they had fewer than 10 hits in a game. The differential of 35 wins topped the majors last season. Listed below are the number of wins for each team when it had 10 or more hits in a game, and wins in games in which the team collected fewer than 10 hits.

AMERICAN LEAGUE

Team	Wins 10+ hits	Wins 10- hits	Win Diff.
Boston	58	23	+35
Milwaukee	50	21	+29
Cleveland	41	19	+22
Minnesota	48	29	+19
Toronto	57	42	+15
Oakland	43	34	+9
Baltimore	45	38	+7
Chicago	46	39	+7
New York	51	46	+5
Detroit	44	40	+4
Texas	33	29	+4
Seattle	37	37	0
California	43	47	-4
Kansas City	42	49	-7

NATIONAL LEAGUE

Team	Wins 10+ hits	Wins 10- hits	Win Diff.
St. Louis	58	43	+15
Houston	48	35	+13
Pittsburgh	31	26	+5
Atlanta	34	32	+2
New York	47	51	-4
Chicago	36	41	-5
San Diego	39	44	-5
Montreal	39	45	-6
Cincinnati	41	48	-7
San Francisco	26	36	-10
Los Angeles	42	53	-11
Philadelphia	31	44	-13

By Jerry Tapp

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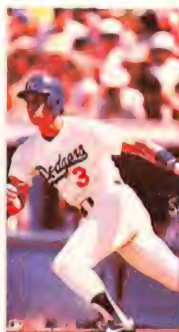
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Mookie Wilson



Steve Sax



Joe Theismann



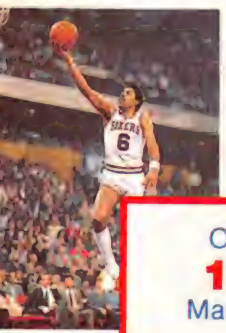
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- ☐ 4522 Pete Rose
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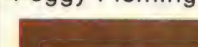
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THE GOOD DOCTOR

Did the Chicago White Sox finally get sick and tired of Tom Seaver whining about wanting to be traded closer to his home in Connecticut?

N.S., DANBURY, CONNECTICUT

Yes. At one point, Ken Harrelson seriously considered sending Seaver to the Hartford Whalers.

Are you and basketball lovers as tired as I am of the way Marv Albert describes a basket on TV?

S.A., SYRACUSE, NEW YORK

Yesssss!

You make the call: Jim Rice is batting with the bases empty. It is the 9th inning. The Red Sox are behind by a run. There is nobody out. What does Rice do?

W.B., BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

He hits into a double play.

Question: What do you call a homosexual player for the Milwaukee baseball team?

B.U., BARABOO, WISCONSIN

Gay Brewer?

Can you tell me who played for the Atlanta Hawks last season besides Dominique, Tree, Spud, and Doc?

T.T., ATLANTA, GEORGIA

Certainly. Bashful, Grumpy, and Dopey.

For winning the Masters golf tournament in 1980 and again in 1983, did they give Seve Ballesteros a new car?

N.P., RANDBURG, S. AFRICA

Yes. They gave him a brand new Seve Impala.

Martina Navratilova received permission to play tennis in Czechoslovakia even after her sister defected. Is her sister anything like Martina?

W.C.T., DALLAS, TEXAS

Not at all. Betty Lou Navratilova likes country & western music, Gene Autry, cowboy boots, Billy Bob's, Lone Star beer, and Czech-fried steaks. She loves Western culture. Since leaving her homeland, though, Betty Lou has been nothing at all like sis, losing tennis matches all the time and dating guys.

Somebody told me that the catcher's mitt Mike Heath has been using for the St. Louis Cardinals is a fancy orange model, because he hates the red one that other Cardinals catchers have worn. Is this true?

T.K., SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

Well, it's like Bobby Darin once told me: "Fancy gloves wears old Mike Heath, babe, so there's never, never a trace of red."

Why have the Los Angeles Rams signed quarterbacks such as Joe Namath, Bert Jones, Dieter Brock, and Steve Bartkowski?

Y.A., NEW YORK, NEW YORK

Because Bobby Layne keeps saying no.

Bill Bradley for president of the United States? Is that possible? First an actor, then an athlete?

C.E., CARMEL, CALIFORNIA

Hold on there, hog breath. What's wrong with an athlete for president? I believe Mr. Bradley will make a fine commander-in-chief. Kennedy played touch football. Eisenhower played golf. Nixon played checkers. I see no reason not to support Bradley, or his probable running mate, Chief Justice Earl Monroe.

What does the New York Mets pitching staff need most if the team is going to take the World Series?

FY., MONTREAL, QUEBEC

Another Dwight-handier.

Have you ever seen anything in the NBA longer than Manute Bol?

K.L., WASHINGTON, D.C.

Yes. The stretcher in Boston that carried away Ralph Sampson.

Tell me something about that investment firm in California that squandered the assets of about half the athletes in America.

K.W., HOUSTON, TEXAS

Frankly, I'm surprised at all those smart people for sinking their money into that company. If they had checked into it at all, they would have discovered that Ken U. Cheatam, the president of the firm of Dewey, Cheatam & Howe, wanted by federal authorities for years, specialized in ripping off professional athletes. You'd think

they would have caught on when Cheatam asked them for \$100,000 apiece to invest in USFL Today magazine.

Exactly how long has the Professional Bowlers Association tour been featured by ABC-TV on Saturday afternoons?

D.W., ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI

A long, long time. I just heard that ABC-TV has hired a new announcer to handle next season's tournaments. Nelson Burton III.

Debi Thomas and Tiffany Chin are the new darlings of figure skating, and our best hopes for medals in the 1988 Winter Olympics. Tell me a little about them.

K.W., BERLIN, EAST GERMANY

Debi grew up determined. She used to see Dorothy Hamill do figure 8's, so she did figure 9's. Debi also is America's greatest black skater ever, with the possible exception of the former Louisville star, Skater McCray. As for Tiffany, she gets easily discouraged, so friends sometimes say to her: "Keep your name up."

How could David Letterman call Terry Forster a "big tub of goo" on national television?

W.P., CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Ever since Letterman said that, Forster has been losing weight while Letterman has been gaining. I think there might be some sort of curse at work.

What happened to UCLA's basketball program? They used to be good.

P.W., SYRACUSE, NEW YORK

True. Now I hear there's a movement afoot to bring back John Wooden. As a player.

During the offseason, what does Xavier McDaniel of the Seattle SuperSonics like to do for relaxation?

Z.Z.T., LAGRANGE, TEXAS

Sometimes he likes to go to the zoo and see the xebras.

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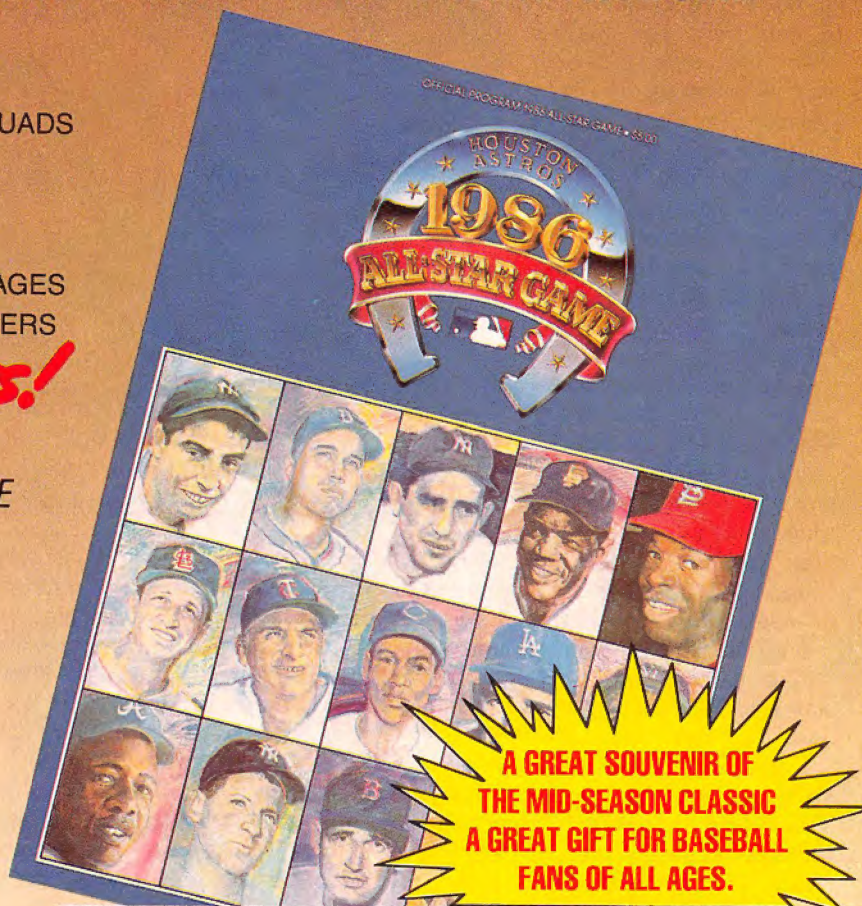
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THE FAN

By JOHN GLENN

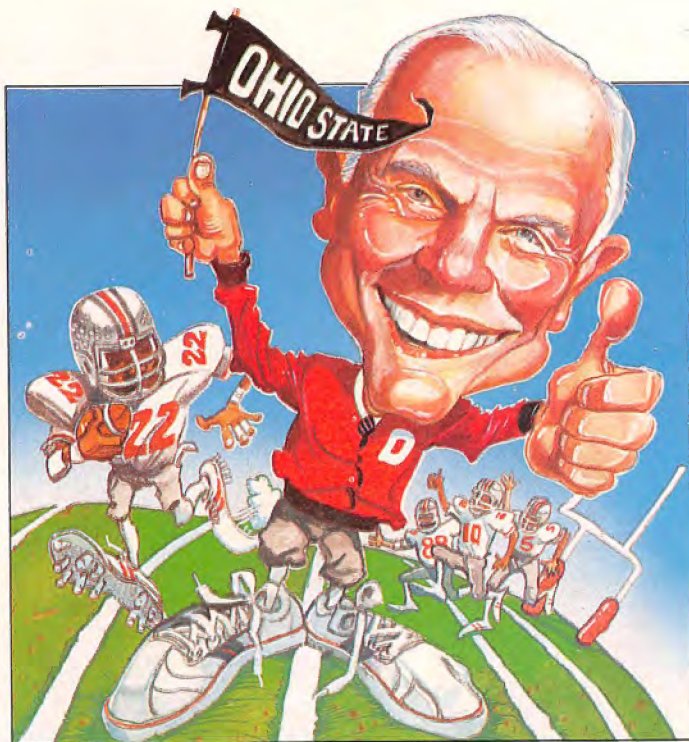
Sports Build Character

I'M AN AVID SPORTSMAN, and I follow several sports. I like to ski, especially with my family and friends in Colorado. But my personal fitness favorite is jogging. I try to do that every day. Wherever I go I take my running shoes along. I don't break any records, but I do get a good sweat up. I try to jog two miles a day. Two miles out, and a fast walk back.

Jogging is so relaxing, such a release from the pressures of Washington and the Senate. Don't get me wrong, I do get tired; I'm not one of those guys who's out there to go up against "The Wall." But I do feel, work, and think better under this regimen. I miss it terribly if my work schedule doesn't give me a chance to run. I just like to get out there and go at my own pace. Some days I'm faster and some slower. But it's consistently enjoyable because it's always a test of one's self.

I started jogging regularly when we started our training for the space program. That was in the late 1950s. No one told us we had to run; all the guys were left to their own devices as to how they wanted to get into shape. Some of the fellows preferred playing handball every day; others liked to swim. We were going through tests all the time, so it was clear that we had to stay in good shape. I remember Scott Carpenter on the trampoline all the time. That wasn't for me. I was too afraid I'd break my neck. And let me tell you, I was in good shape in those days. Before my space flight, I got my running up to five miles a day, every day. They were a fast five miles, too.

As for spectator sports, in the fall I'm always trying to get to Ohio State football games and keeping an eye on Ohio's pro teams, the Bengals and Browns. I've had



'I don't think there's a better football program in the country than Ohio State's. I just wish they'd start to do better in the Rose Bowl.'

season tickets for Ohio State games for years. Woody Hayes is a close friend of my family's, and I don't think there's a better football program in the country. I just wish they'd start to do better in the Rose Bowl. Every time the Big 10 goes out there something seems to happen. It's very aggravating.

But even if the Bengals and Browns aren't burning up their league either, no sport equals the competitive values of football. It's a contact sport and I enjoyed that when I played high school ball in Ohio. And in my day, the late 1930s, when teams used single-wing and double-wing formations, *there was contact*. I was a center and you got hit in the back of the neck every play. I wasn't afraid and I didn't get hurt. But you really felt your opponents coming into you. Yet, I got a few good hits in of my own.

My high school team was known as the "Little Muskies," since my hometown, New Concord, is the home of Muskingum College. After my space flight the high school was renamed John Glenn High School. I'm very proud of that.

Achievement, excellence, these are the

values that are important to my good friend Woody Hayes. I've always told him that he's the nicest guy you could meet in life. He really is. He's always helping some old, broken-down Ohio State player. He'll send him a hundred bucks or so, and Woody's not wealthy. He's just an affable, generous guy, and he'll give the best after-dinner speech at a high school banquet. He's truly inspirational. But when he came out of that tunnel for a football game and hit the sidelines, he was like Dracula. I've kidded him about it. But when it comes to sports Woody's schizophrenic. He's got to be a winner.

I don't think I've gone through those types of character changes. But in any area of life where you accomplish something—football, space flights, academics, being a U.S. Senator—you need drive and

dedication. Sports is certainly a character builder and Woody epitomized excellence. But that same drive can be expressed in scientific pursuits, the arts, teaching. Not all children have to be sports stars to succeed in life.

In winter I go to high school basketball games. I played high school ball, but that was way before the jump shot, when a dunk was something you did with a doughnut.

Then in the summer my energies shift to baseball, to the Indians and Reds. I was a real Cleveland fan as a kid, when they had Rapid Robert Feller and Bob Lemon. They're going to surprise some people this year, and watch out for the Reds. Pete Rose is quite a manager.

It was a lot of fun watching him go after Ty Cobb's hit record last year. I had a chance to talk to him after he broke the record, and he said, "I probably feel the way you did after you walked on the moon." I didn't have the heart to tell him I only orbited the earth. ■

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